30th Anniversary Issue ★ 64 Pages

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

February 18, 1941

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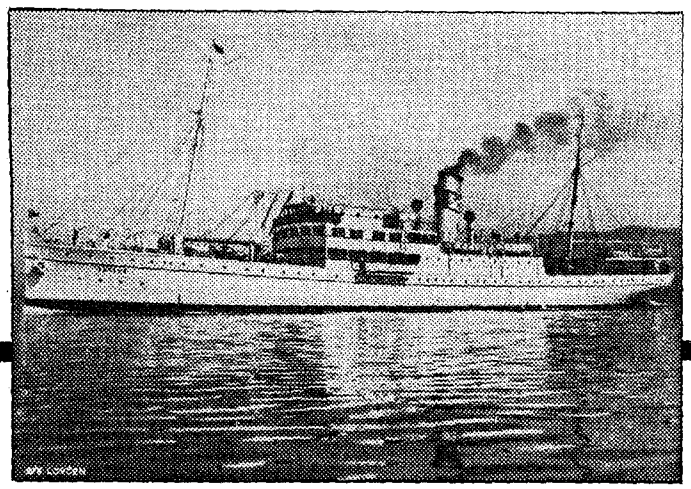

This is the Ship

The S. S. Lovcen, a Panamanian passenger ship. This vessel is now docked in New York, waiting to embark, February 27, on its first rescue voyage.

These are the People

Thousands of sturdy Spanish refugees—doctors, peasants, mechanics, bakers . . . and their wives and children . . . now imprisoned in concentration camps. They are the stuff of which democracy is made.

. . . HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY CARE?

HOW much would you pay to save a human life? What is it worth to you to save a brave, unflinching, splendid human being who, as you read this, suffers misery, cold, hunger and torture almost beyond human endurance. He has endured it so far, strengthened by his burning belief in democracy. He is a Spanish refugee. Because of his belief in democracy and his courageous anti-fascist stand he faces imminent death. You can save him! How much is it worth? How much do you really care?

Thousands of Spanish refugees are herded behind the walls and barbed wire fences of French concentration camps. The French government at Vichy has agreed to release them. The Mexican government has generously offered them a home. *The task of choosing the refugees is completely in the hands of the Mexican government.*

Only those who, in the opinion of the Mexican government, are in every way qualified to live in a democratic land—to offer their services to the ideals of democracy—will be chosen.

This official agreement was reaffirmed by the Mexican Department of Foreign Affairs, who, on Jan. 25, wrote Dr. Edward K. Barsky, Chairman of the United American Spanish Aid Committee:

> Your telegram of the 5th of January to the President of the Republic in which you speak of the efforts of your committee to transport Spanish refugees who are in France has been transmitted to his secretariat.
>
> I should like to say that the government of Mexico looks with pleasure on every effort toward saving the political refugees in France and will cooperate in work to the degree that our resources permit.
>
> Be assured of my distinguished consideration.
>
> ERNESTO HIDALGO, *Department of Foreign Affairs.*

Finding a suitable vessel has been a task of heroic proportions. Now, at last, passage has been negotiated to save the first group. The United American Spanish Aid Committee, sponsor of the American Rescue Ship Mission, has signed a contract for the first voyage of the mercy ship. A deposit of $25,000 has been paid. The sailing date is set—February 27. The ship owners have applied for the necessary sailing warrants. To bring the first contingent out of its prison hell-hole, $130,000 must be raised. Immediately! Seldom in all history has there been an opportunity like this for direct aid to save human lives—to save these first valiant fighters against Hitler and Mussolini. For without your help they die.

Now it is up to you. Give today—give generously—give anything you can, small or large. But rush your contribution. The need is urgent.

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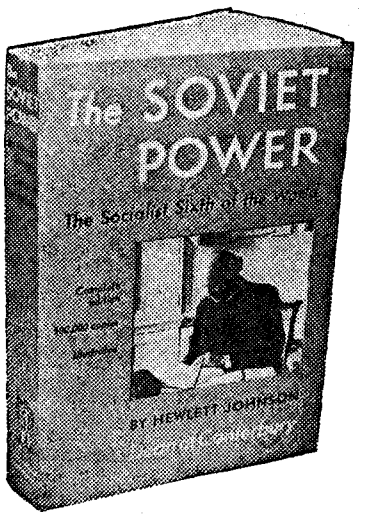

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVIII FEBRUARY 18, 1941 NUMBER 9

We Are Many

DEAR Reader: A toast on the thirtieth anniversary of NEW MASSES. May its sixtieth birthday be celebrated by our children in a free, truly democratic America, free of war, free of greed, free of oppression.

Birthdays are a time for looking back. My colleagues have done that well in this issue. They have traced the epic march of the past three decades. The great heart of a people beats in these pages. You will have found here the heartbreak of defeat and the glow of victory and always the dream of America. You will find it in the writings and drawings of John Reed and Robert Minor, of Eugene V. Debs and Art Young, of Mike Gold and Bill Gropper. For thirty years the magazine has mirrored the life of America. Vast, beautiful, brawling, cruel, heroic, angry America—all of that was in these pages. All of that and more.

For a magazine like ours must do more than mirror life: it must be a banner summoning to battle. Our children shall not judge this magazine and those who wrote for it and those who kept it alive in the most desperate times, by its literary and artistic merit alone.

"Did it fight well?" they will ask. "Was it a valorous captain in the fight? Did it chart the enemy attack and forewarn of the stratagem? Did it throw light in the confusion and in the dark of struggle? Did it stand its ground?" It will be a brave, strong generation that will ask these final questions. We must be as brave, as strong as we know how, to meet their judgment.

Yes, this birthday is a time for retrospection. But it should be more, a time to consider the future. The great days of the past lead us to the greater days of the future. These are days when men are casting their decision. The fate of the world is being decided. The strong see their way, crowd toward it despite fire and sword. They are many. Others, the fainthearts and the traitors, make their weaseled compromises with the modern tyrants.

We pledge, on this anniversary, to make no compromise. In a way our job will be easier than that of our predecessors. We have not only the vision of poets and the science of our great seers to go by. We live in a time when the dream of Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson has come true. Though this dream has taken on flesh and blood in another land, not in our own America, yet Tom Paine would have rejoiced as we do. For all homelands were his homeland, and this first American internationalist would be first to rejoice that the land of the czars has become the land of socialism. A nation of 200,000,000 has fought its way through the Kingdom of Necessity and has arrived at the Kingdom of Freedom. We know, too, that anonymous millions are inspired by the transcendant existence of that land. We know, furthermore, that the spirit of men has not been crushed in the nations where fascism reigns and in those lands where tyranny is usurping the will of the people.

We know that in Germany the spirit of Thaelmann, of von Ossietzky, of Eric Muehsam, of Karl Marx, of Goethe, of Rosa Luxemburg, is alive. We know that in France the words of Marty, of Thorez, of Barbusse, of Zola, of the Communards, of the men of 1789 are heeded. In Britain we know such men as J. B. S. Haldane, Palme Dutt, Willie Gallacher, and Sean O'Casey carry on. In all the lands of the world the deeds of leaders like Garibaldi, like Mao Tse-tung, like Prestes, like Jose Diaz, like La Pasionaria are slogans of liberation. And in our native land we know that the deeds of Debs, of Garrison, of Andrew Jackson, of Abe Lincoln, of Frederick Douglass are precepts. We see the truth of their words all about us. We try to get those truths down on paper, to reflect and to help guide, to the limits of our abilities, the march of the people toward freedom. That is our historic obligation. And of that privilege we are proud.

We are fiercely proud of the opportunity to tell the truth. In this year of 1941 that is a privilege to fight for, and men are ready to take whatever consequences that entails. A year ago in Washington, we tried to explain these things. But those committed to the defense of an outworn, decrepit, bloody, violent mode of life could not afford to believe us when we said that this magazine is a product of its readers, that it belongs to its readers, lives because it expresses the will of its readers. The magazine is important only insofar as it expresses the will of the American people. It is not, never has been, the property of any one man or group of men. It could not have survived its tribulations were that so. No one man who edits it, no one man who writes for it, is dominant in the choice of its goals, in the expression of its policy. The will of the people is our editorial policy. We have no other reason for existence than to work for that day when no man shall be enslaved by another, when mankind shall have achieved universal brotherhood out of the misery and monstrous folly of these days.

They may not have understood this, or pretended not to understand this, in Washington. But many do. I realized this most clearly when I came across the young Americans on the Ebro battlefields lying in the olive groves of Spain reading NEW MASSES while Messerschmidts and Capronis darkened the sky overhead. These men fighting for democracy understood it. Two years ago an anonymous Chinese student sent us a handful of stamps across the world from Shanghai, hoping we might sell them and use the proceeds as his contribution for funds we desperately need to keep the magazine alive. "I have nothing more to send, honorable friends," he wrote. "I send this little for a magazine that stands for China as well as for your own land." He understood it. I shall never forget the visit Lincoln Steffens paid me at the old NEW MASSES office in 1935. "I wish I were not too old," he said. "I would pitch in with you. But I am old, pretty near the grave. I did the best I could in my day. I am afraid it fell short. Your generation will do the job." And we will.

This magazine stands irrevocably for the "We." And those frozen forever into the "I" will never understand why we have survived, and why we, and what we stand for, shall outlive them.

John Reed, of Oregon, one of the editors of this magazine, succeeded best of all of us in saying those things for which we stand in his immortal *Ten Days That Shook the World*. We who work on the magazine today strive to attain the standard he set us. We believe that he, in his life as fighter for the people, in his writings as tribune for the people, was a true American. He had the American dream. To the fulfillment of that dream we dedicate this thirtieth anniversary edition of NEW MASSES.

On behalf of the editors,

JOSEPH NORTH.

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Three Decades

Life and times of the "Masses," the "Liberator," and "New Masses." Samuel Sillen discusses the fight for the American Dream from 1911 to 1941.

FROM the moment of its inception in January 1911, the *Masses* had a point of view which radically distinguished it from the publications of liberal reformers, muckrakers, esthetes, social iconoclasts, and orthodox apologists for the status quo. It was launched as "A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Interests of the Working People." For thirty years the fate of the *Masses*—and its successors, the *Liberator* and NEW MASSES—has been more and more closely linked with the fate of the American working class. It has matured with the labor movement, suffered similar reverses, and forged ahead with corresponding strength. The history of the magazine is the history of a developing belief in the necessity of a social reconstruction whereby the masses of Americans will at last come into possession of the material and cultural resources which they have themselves created. It is the history of a deepening challenge to a monopolistic economy which, having outlived its utility, increasingly frustrates the democratic vision of a free, peaceful, and abundant society.

Founded as a cooperative venture, the magazine has remained the independent organ of writers and artists who felt that they could no longer function honestly within the framework of privately owned publications. The very first issue announced, with evident satisfaction, that Arthur Young of *Life* and *Puck*, having stifled in the air of commercial editorial offices, would take "bracing constitutionals" once a month in the new magazine. For three decades, hundreds of leading intellectuals have turned to the magazine for fresh and free air: Carl Sandburg, Theodore Dreiser, John Reed, Randolph Bourne, Sherwood Anderson, Lincoln Steffens, George Bellows, Boardman Robinson, William Gropper, Langston Hughes, Michael Gold, Rockwell Kent, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Richard Wright, and a host of other distinguished Americans. Even Vincent Sheean, Archibald MacLeish, and Lewis Mumford have had their thrilling fling with freedom in its pages. From all the lands of the earth have come writers to address Americans through the magazine in a spirit of international fraternalism. Maxim Gorky, Martin Anderson Nexo, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Ralph Fox, J. B. S. Haldane, Mao Tse-tung, Madame Sun-Yat-sen, Jacques Roumain, Jawaharlal Nehru, Sean O'Casey, Heinrich Mann, Pablo Torriente-Brau, Ilya Ehrenbourg.

Virtually ever major writer of the present century has contributed to the magazine at the period of his healthiest and most forthright work—at the period, that is, when he most faithfully reflected the life and aspirations of the people. Who can point to a richer cultural storehouse among contemporary periodicals in America? Where else is one to turn for so consistent an effort, over thirty years, to fulfill the American dream under the conditions of twentieth-century life? And, for conventional minds, the paradox has always been that the contributors to this effort were not paid (because there were no profits to share) at the same time they risked being attacked as un-American (because they insisted on telling the truth about America).

But the magazine is far greater than the individual contributors or editors who dominated its pages at various moments. Its enduring vitality is due to the essential soundness of the magazine's analysis of American life and the courage with which its supporters have acted upon this analysis. It is the only periodical in this country which has unequivocally opposed two imperialist wars. It enjoys the unique distinction among American publications of having properly evaluated the significance to humanity of the socialist revolution in one-sixth of the world from 1917 to the present day. Throughout the twenties the magazine punctured the illusion of prosperity and realistically diagnosed the social forces leading to the economic collapse of 1929. In the thirties it took a position of leadership in explaining to intellectuals and the middle classes the critical need for organizing resistance to fascism at home and abroad. And in 1941, in the midst of unprecedented crisis, it opposes war and fascism with renewed vigor, carrying on to a new level its thirty-year fight for a creative and humane society, the only fight which can give meaning and dignity to men's lives today.

The first period of the magazine, from 1911 to 1916, was a preparation for the war crisis. The period witnessed the upsurge of progressive sentiment reflected in the record-breaking vote cast for Debs in 1912 and the superficial idealism of Wilson's "New Freedom." Deserving, as Debs wrote, "the hearty support of all who believe in the overthrow of wage slavery and in social regeneration through working-class emancipation," the *Masses* in those years nonetheless manifested the inevitable weaknesses of inexperience. The magazine's earnest campaigns against militarism and the trusts, its advocacy of women's rights and a greater frankness in the arts, its support of cooperatives and labor legislation, tended at times to be couched in terms more calculated to shock the orthodox than to organize the masses. Vestiges of bohemianism indicated a youthfulness which was charming but naive. Like the Socialist Party which it supported, the magazine was cluttered with men like John Spargo and William English Walling, whose socialism was academic, opportunistic, and muddled. And yet, as one leafs through the old files, one is filled with admiration for the general soundness of the magazine's direction, its insights into problems which no other publication of its type was exploring, and its capacity for holding on despite abuse and poverty. In the articles of men like John Reed, in the drawings of Art Young, Glintenkamp, Maurice Becker, the *Masses* of those years is alive with the conviction that progress for America lies only in the direction of socialism.

The first great test of the magazine came in 1917. With the outbreak of war, a number of intellectuals who had been associated with the magazine ran for cover; the magazine has always been fortunate in getting rid of its weak sisters and turncoats at the right moment. Art Young neatly characterized the authors of surrender then—and now: "To justify themselves for going to bed with the magnates of Wall Street, the munition makers and the statesmen who eat blood-pudding for breakfast, these book-fed socialists predict that the cause of democracy will advance as a result of this war of capitalists." Spargo, Walling, and other Social Democrats denounced the magazine for "supporting" militarism, the kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Zimmermann. The *New Republic* proclaimed that this was a holy war which the intellectuals had *willed,* while the frenzied newspapers reported that "The market . . . turned upward with a rush, advances ranging from 1 to 10 points amid a whirl of patriotic enthusiasm." Of the Hillman of 1917, John Reed observed: "Mr. Gompers is seeing it through, and we are beginning to see through Mr. Gompers." A *Masses* columnist said: "England expects every neutral to do *her* duty." And the *Wall Street Journal* announced the democratic aims of the war for which the *New Republic* was fighting: "We are now at war, and militant pacifists are earnestly reminded that there is no shortage of hemp or lamp-posts."

Of the writers who remained with the magazine during this period it is instructive to contrast two opposites, Max Eastman and John Reed. Eastman was storing up his spite against everything for which the magazine stood, but even in 1917 one could plainly see the treacherous cast of his mind. He spoke of the war in terms of "men's hereditary instinctive reactions," a mystical concept just a little less stupid than his contention that "the main driving power towards international federation is international capital. . . . We ought to support and encourage the capitalistic governments in their new motion towards internationalism, because they will get there before we will." His slippery appeals for support of imperialism under the guise of "revolutionary" phrases were typical of Eastman's degenerate politics, first and last.

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Reed, on the contrary, like Randolph Bourne and Art Young, took a forthright position which is as valid today as it was in 1917. "I know what war means," he wrote. "I have been with the armies of all the belligerents except one, and I have seen men die, and go mad, and lie in hospitals suffering hell; but there is a worse thing that that. War means an ugly mob-madness, crucifying the truth tellers, choking the artists, side-tracking reforms, revolutions, and the working of social forces. . . . Whose war is this? Not mine. I know that hundreds of thousands of American working men employed by our great financial 'patriots' are not paid a living wage. I have seen poor men sent to jail for long terms without trial, and even without any charge. Peaceful strikers, and their wives and children, have been shot to death, burned to death, by private detectives and militiamen. . . . These toilers don't want war—not even civil war. But the speculators, the employers, the plutocracy—they want it, just as they did in Germany and in England. . . ."

It was this position which Reed and others continued to espouse, despite the persecution of Wilson's war administration, and it was this position which Eastman was spinelessly to disavow. In the early months of the war, the *Masses* was suppressed under the Espionage Act, even though, as Judge Learned Hand argued in a famous decision, the government was acting in violation of the Bill of Rights. But the magazine had already made its dent. In the period when the American dream of freedom, peace, and plenty was being more seriously jeopardized than at any time since the Civil War, the *Masses* came to symbolize a courageous determination which history has completely vindicated and which later generations will continue to honor. John Dewey and his pragmatist followers, the Social Democrats, and the *New Republic* liberals slavishly provided sanctions for a war which the American people have ever since regretted. The *Masses* writers, by clinging to a basic analysis of the opposition between big business and genuine democracy, kept faith with the great majority which so many others had betrayed.

Hugo Gellert

The magazine was reorganized as the *Liberator* on Lincoln's Birthday, 1918. The name itself suggested a conscious rededication to the ideals for which Garrison and the Abolitionists had fought, with similar abuse by reactionary administrations and the wardens of ill-begotten treasure. It suggested the continuing devotion of the magazine to American democratic traditions: the arduous uphill efforts of Sam Adams, Jefferson and Paine, of Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips and Whitman, and the struggle of countless others for the realization of the people's dream of human equality and brotherhood.

Steeped in these traditions, John Reed, in far away Petrograd, witnessed the ten days that shook the world. Out of the war's chaos and blood was emerging the first socialist state; the dream could be, it was, a reality. Reed had met Lenin and attended meetings of the workers' and soldiers' councils. "The real revolution has begun," was the opening sentence of a historic series he wrote from Russia for the *Liberator*. "For the first time in history the working class has seized the power of the state, for its own purposes—and means to keep it." While the New York *Times* and the war intellectuals denounced the "Russian betrayal" at Brest-Litovsk (the Soviet Union has been betraying the *Times* for twenty-three years), Reed and other *Liberator* writers explained the significance of the October Revolution for the American people. They began a campaign for recognition of the Soviet Union. They pointed out the basic truth in the world politics of our epoch: "The time has come for the Allied governments to decide whether their hatred is greater for German militarism or Russian Bolshevism." Lincoln Steffens went to visit the future and found that it worked, and like him the magazine derived new strength and inspiration from the Soviet Union for its own efforts to create a socialist society. Albert Rhys Williams sent firsthand reports together with Reed, and in the years since the magazine has printed invigorating articles by Anna Louise Strong, Joshua Kunitz, Corliss Lamont, Moissaye J. Olgin, and many other American observers in the USSR.

The Palmer Raids set the tone for the repression of labor and civil rights which followed the war. Every manifestation of popular discontent was attacked as a Red plot hatched by alien agitators. "Mr. Palmer is like a doctor practicing obstetrics on the theory that storks bring babies," wrote Robert Minor in 1920. In the years that followed reports came in from Centralia, Passaic, Gastonia, Harlan, Lawrence, Imperial Valley, and other battlegrounds of democracy. The magazine developed new and colorful reportage techniques exemplified in the twenties by Minor and Mary Heaton Vorse and in the following decade by Joseph North and Bruce Minton.

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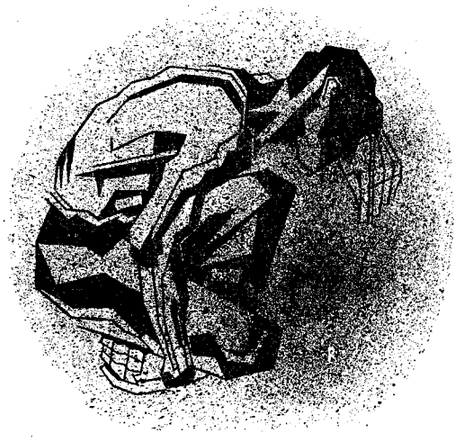
Throughout the post-war decade the magazine kept alive the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti, for Mooney and Billings, for William Z. Foster, and other victims of class injustice, a struggle continued in the subsequent campaigns on behalf of Angelo Herndon, the Scottsboro boys, Oscar Wheeler, and Alan Shaw.

Sharpening labor conflicts brought a sterner sense of reality, and forced editors and contributors alike to study Marxism as the necessary ideological weapon against reaction. The rise of the Communist Party in the twenties and its rapid growth in the following decade was a further source of strength to the magazine in its analysis of the American scene. Contributions by C. E. Ruthenberg, Earl Browder, James W. Ford, William Z. Foster, Alexander Trachtenberg, and others helped shape the scientific critique of false prosperity under Harding and Coolidge and the people's program against war and fascism under Roosevelt. In the era of Teapot Dome, when so many intellectuals were paralyzed with cynicism, the magazine pursued a confident course based on its faith in the masses.

The magazine was reorganized as NEW MASSES monthly in May 1926. It blossomed profanely among the newsstands, noted the editors, in the midst of its respectable contemporaries, the whiz-bangs, the success-liturgies, the household aphrodisiacs, the snob-Baedekers, and the department store catalogues. Under the vigorous editorship of Michael Gold, who had been associated with the old *Masses,* the magazine became a driving force in American cultural life. Menckenism was rife; the green covers of the *American Mercury* were a public sign of emancipation from the troubles of ordinary humanity. The *New Republic* and the *Nation* were written, as Gold said, by careful men with perpetual slight colds; they surveyed the universe with a benign smugness which was occasionally ruffled by mild expressions of disapproval, and they atoned for such indiscretions by quickly resuming their mild expressions of approval. The expatriates gave up America as a hopeless Sahara of the arts, hurried to Rapallo and Paris, and contemplated their superiority with unconcealed delight. Even the editors of the New York *World* were so bored that they welcomed, as they put it, a little thunder on the left. William Allen White told the citizens of Emporia, Kans., that NEW MASSES was a lusty infant, and he gave it six months to live.

Under such circumstances, the controversy between John Dos Passos and Michael Gold as to the cultural role of the magazine takes on special significance. Dos Passos expressed the hope that NEW MASSES would be a skeptical journal which would dwell on the introspective doubts of writers rather than on matters of "sectarian politics." Gold replied with a smashing attack on writers who hug chaos to their bosoms, try to live in isolated sensation, and shut their eyes to the main drifts of American life. He pointed out that O'Neill had strayed into a queer mystic universe of his own, that Waldo Frank was discovering "tragic beauty" in the bull fight and parlor Zionism, that Jeffers harped on the solitary theme of incest, that Carl Van Vechten prattled upper class nonsense—in short that the characteristic writers of the middle class were losing themselves in pessimism, defeatism, despair. Gold advocated conscious exploration with a compass as against the fuzzy-minded "experimentation" of Dos Passos. He urged writers and artists to abandon the ivory tower and closet passions; he pointed to the working class theme and attitude which would bring them close to the earth and love and social reality.



Rodney

What Gold was saying in 1926 had been a persistent theme of the magazine which could be traced as far back as the editorial on "Socialism and Fiction" in the February 1911 issue of the *Masses.* It was the theme, since developed by scores of critics and creative talents in the magazine, which was to find a magnificent expression in the social arts of the last decade. Whoever seeks to understand the appearance of *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Native Son,* of *Waiting for Lefty* and *Black Pit,* of *The Cradle Will Rock* and *Ballad for Americans,* must trace their genesis through the pages of the magazine. Bewildered by the economic crash, disillusioned with the prosperity myth, thrown into the ranks of unemployed by the depression, left without an audience, American writers found NEW MASSES a natural rallying ground. There they found an audience not for escapism but for uncompromising realism; there they found a point of view which provided work for the present and hope for the future. It was significant that the writers' and artists' organization of the depression period should call itself the John Reed Club. NEW MASSES was the workshop of proletarian literature in the thirties. At the end of the decade it stood prepared to defend a realistic and democratic culture against spiritual warlords like MacLeish and Mumford.

While magazines like the *Bookman, Scribner's,* and *Vanity Fair* were forced out of business, NEW MASSES registered a fourfold increase in circulation. This increase, together with the accelerated urgency of world affairs, made it necessary for NEW MASSES to reorganize as a weekly in 1934. Formidable were the tasks facing the editorial staff headed by Herman Michelson, who had been Sunday editor of the New York *World.* Capitalism was seeking through open violence and suppression to perpetuate its existence. Financed by German Big Business with the aid of British and American capital, the Nazis had come to power with the double aim of smashing the Weimar Republic and directing a huge war machine against the Soviet Union. Spain and China were being turned into bloody battlegrounds of freedom. In America, these world-shaking issues were reflected in the fight around the progressive phase of the New Deal and the vigorous efforts of the CIO to establish industrial unionism.

NEW MASSES was the first magazine in the country to define the imminent danger of fascism and to organize popular resistance to fascism at home and abroad. One of the magazine's editors, Arnold Reid, died in Spain, a heroic symbol of the people's fight against the fascist armies and the "non-intervention" policies of Chamberlain, Blum, and Roosevelt. A Cuban correspondent of the magazine in Spain, Pablo Torriente-Brau, was another victim. Edwin Rolfe, Joseph North, Alvah Bessie, Milton Wolf, and other NEW MASSES editors and writers, went to Spain, together with several members of the circulation and business staffs. Spain had become an inseparable and cherished part of the American Dream. And the fight for Spain was continued in issue after issue explaining the disaster of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and other nations sacrificed to the collaboration between the imperialist powers. As one reviews the magazine during this period, one sees in every issue a momentous warning of an impending Munich and the disastrous consequences which would inevitably flow from it.

The magazine's opposition to war and dictatorship today is a consistent expression of a thirty-year effort. At each stage of this effort to extend rather than to contract democracy, to release rather than to stifle culture, the magazine has had to weather the abuse and the threats of reaction. It has had to carry on when others abandoned the cause of the people, either through fear, confusion, or opportunism. Never has the crisis been more acute than it is today. Never has the magazine's determination to stand by its convictions been greater. A publication which has for three decades been inspired by the dream, the American dream, of a society free from want, insecurity, intolerance, and war, will not easily be persuaded to abandon its purpose. At a time when so many of its contemporaries view the world with impotent anguish, hysteria, and a sense of inexorable doom, the magazine expresses a bold confidence in the future and in the American masses who will build that future. Nobody who contemplates the history of the magazine can fail to realize that there is a sturdiness here that cannot be shaken, a faith that must prevail.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

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The American Spirit

Earl Browder reminds Mr. Roosevelt of a few facts about our country's history. The tradition of the founding fathers. How democracy can be restored.

THE Spirit of America was invoked in strident tones by the third inaugural address of President Roosevelt. But the spirit which obviously moved the President's address revealed no resemblance to the spirit of America.

The spirit in which great Americans have traditionally addressed the people on great occasions, was uniformly a spirit of *modesty*. I cite a few examples:

> Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience, in my own eyes—perhaps still more in the eyes of others—has strengthened the motives to diffidence in myself. . . .
>
> —George Washington, Farewell Address, Sept. 17, 1796.

> A diffidence, perhaps too just, in my own qualification, will teach me to look with reverence to the examples of public virtue left by my illustrious predecessors, and with veneration to the lights that flowed from the mind that founded and the mind that reformed our system. The same diffidence induces me to hope for instruction and aid from the coordinate branches of the government. . . .
>
> —Andrew Jackson, Inaugural, March 4, 1829.

Lincoln's public life was so uniformly an expression of this characteristic modesty, that any particular quotation from his utterances would be supererogation.

Roosevelt strikes a new and coarse note—one of vainglory and boasting. "We acted, we acted quickly, boldly, decisively," he says in description of his own role. And in conclusion he explains that he remains President "by the will of God!" Most American presidents have invoked Divine assistance, but Roosevelt is the first to claim Divine "sanction" since the "Divine right of kings" was abolished by the Revolution proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence.

"The coordinate branches of the government continue freely to function," Roosevelt declared, while admitting the dire crisis in the world and "at home." But he did not mention his usurpation of Sept. 3, 1940, when he seized power to dispose of warships to a foreign belligerent power and to negotiate war alliances, nor did he quote Jefferson's words which warned against such usurpations:

> It would be perfidious . . . not to warn you of encroachments, which, though clothed with the pretext of necessity, or disguised by arguments of expediency, may yet establish precedents, which may ultimately devote a generous and unsuspicious people to all the consequences of usurped power. . . . Exhortations to disregard domestic usurpations until foreign danger shall have passed, is an artifice which may be for ever used; because the possessors of power, who are the advocates for its extension, can ever create national embarrassments, to be successively employed to soothe the people into sleep, whilst that power is swelling silently, secretly, and fatally. Of the same character are insinuations of a foreign influence, which seize upon a laudable enthusiasm against danger from abroad, and distort it by an unnatural application, so as to blind your eyes against danger at home.

"The Bill of Rights remains inviolate," Roosevelt said. By thus denying violations he expressed his approval of the rising wave of repressions and limitations on popular rights, which he personally initiated, denying the validity of the Bill of Rights to those who suffer these repressions. He did not mention the Alien Registration Law, for which he bears personal responsibility, and its accompanying modern versions of the Alien and Sedition Law of 1798; nor did he quote the famous Virginia Resolutions, and Address to the People, cornerstones of American democracy, in "protest against the palpable and alarming infractions of the Constitution, in the two late cases of the 'Alien and Sedition Acts.' . . . If a suspicion that aliens are dangerous constitute the justification of that power exercised over them by Congress, then a similar suspicion will justify the exercise of a similar power over natives. . . . Let the artificers of monarchy be asked what farther materials they can need for building up their favorite system."

"The freedom of elections is wholly maintained," Roosevelt declared. But at that moment he was celebrating the victory of the most gigantic rigging ever put over in the name of an election. The most important new converts to Roosevelt, the "economic royalists," had ganged up on the Republican Party Convention, which they normally control, and forced it to nominate a Democrat,

"Thank God, looks like we're safe in war again" — *Art Young*

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Wendell Willkie, who had specifically engaged himself to stand on the same foreign-policy platform as Roosevelt. Both Willkie and Roosevelt promised the voters peace, in their pre-election speeches, and both agreed to forget the promise after election. To make sure this rigged election would not bring a revolt of the voters, the only party that offered a genuine alternative, the Communist Party, was forcibly and illegally removed from the ballot in the most important states, its candidates and election workers sentenced to prison in other states (one candidate to fifteen years), an official Red hunt instituted everywhere to drive Communists and their supporters out of public or private employment —and Mr. Roosevelt boasts in his inaugural address: "The freedom of elections is wholly maintained." Thomas Jefferson described this sort of election-jobber, in 1795:

These rogues set out with stealing the people's good opinion, and then steal from them the right of withdrawing it, by contriving laws and associations against the power of the people themselves.

Roosevelt's whole program is predicated upon the assumption that the British Navy is the "first line of defense" for the American people. He would like to have forgotten the words of Jefferson, which read as if they were written for today in repudiation of Roosevelt. Read this from Jefferson:

"We should first let England plunder us," says Jefferson, explaining the policy of Anglophile Americans, "as she has been doing for years, for fear Bonaparte should do it; and then ally ourselves with her, and enter into the war. . . . And what is to be our security, that when embarked for her in the war, she will . . . not leave us in the lurch? Her good faith! The faith of a nation of merchants! The *Punica fides* of modern Carthage! Of the friend and protectress of Copenhagen! [One year before this was written, Britain had bombarded Copenhagen and captured the Danish fleet, without warning, under pretext of "protection."] Of the nation who never admitted a chapter of morality into her political code! And is boldly avowing that whatever power can make hers, is hers of right. Money, and not morality, is the principle of commerce and commercial nations. But in addition to this, the nature of the English government forbids, of itself, reliance on her engagements; and it is well known that she had been the least faithful to her alliances of any nation of Europe, since the period of her history wherein she has been distinguished for her commerce and corruption. (1810)

Jefferson wrote this description of the British role at Munich, 128 years before the event.

To complete and universalize the desolation of the globe, it has been the will of Providence to raise up, at the same time, a tyrant as unprincipled and as overwhelming, for the ocean. Not in the poor maniac George, but in his government and nation. Bonaparte will die, and his tyrannies with him. But a nation never dies. The English government, and its piratical principles and practices, have no fixed term of duration. Europe feels, and is writhing under the scorpion whips of Bonaparte. We are assailed by those of England. . . . The object of England is the *permanent domination of the ocean,* and the *monopoly of the trade of the world.* (1813)

This was written when the British were engaged in sacking Washington and burning the White House, and the Capitol.

Roosevelt is engaged in a gigantic effort to replace this long-standing American tradition with its direct opposite, which is most completely expressed in the semi-official agitation for "union now" with the British empire. That is doubtless why he has publicly rebuked the memory of Jefferson, and paid homage to that of Hamilton. Doubtless also that is why the Democratic Party suddenly ceased to observe Jackson Day. Today's "Anglomen," as Jefferson called the Hamiltonian party of his time, have of course advanced greatly beyond their predecessors; they dream that in the new Anglo-American world empire, Wall Street will be "the center of gravity," and that "the sceptre passes to the United States." Therefore, Jefferson's excoriation of the British "pirates" must now be enlarged to include the Wall Street "pirates."

Roosevelt's policies represent the imperialist denial of the people's right and will to live. His deepest and most subtle violation of the American tradition, the American spirit, in his inaugural address, occurs therefore when he seemingly pledges himself to "democracy" most emphatically. Consider the following:

The life of a nation is the fullness of the measure of its will to live. . . . There are men who believe that democracy . . . is limited or measured by a kind of mystical or artificial fate—that, for some unexplained reason, tyranny and slavery have become the surging wave of the future, and that freedom is an ebbing tide. But we Americans know that this is not true.

Yet the best representatives of the American spirit never told our people that the "will to live" of a ruling class (its will to grow richer) would solve the problems of or avoid the dangers to democracy—that is, the masses, the people. The best Americans never tired of warning that democracy, regardless of its "will to live," could not endure unless the masses maintained the possibilities of struggle against minority ruling classes, unless its material pre-conditions were maintained; they saw democracy's "fate" dependent upon the material factors and political power in the masses, without which freedom would become "an ebbing tide," overwhelmed by the "surging wave" of tyranny and slavery.

Turn to Lincoln: In his presidential message to the first regular session of Congress (December, 1861), Lincoln fixed precisely the material pre-conditions for the democracy of his day, without which no "will to live" could be of any avail, in the following words:

Men with their families—wives, sons, daughters —work for themselves on their farms, in their houses, and in their shops, taking the whole product to themselves, and asking no favors of capital on the one hand, nor of hired laborers or slaves on the other.

Unless the great body of the population occupies this independent economic position —depending neither upon capital nor hired labor, Lincoln foresaw that *"all of liberty shall be lost."*

In this, Lincoln was but expounding the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson, who foresaw and warned against the rising institution of combined great wealth and political power, such as Roosevelt's war program represents today, and—

Though the day may be at some distance . . . yet it will surely come, when a single fibre of this institution will produce an hereditary aristocracy, which will change the form of our government from the best to the worst in the world. (Letter to Washington, 1786)

Roosevelt now ignores and hides the most important facts (which he temporarily utilized himself in 1937 in his fight against the Supreme Court). These are:

That the material foundations of Jeffersonian-Lincolnian democracy have been irretrievably lost;

That power-driven machinery has destroyed forever the individual private-property basis for democracy, and transformed the national economy into private property *against democracy,* in the hands of a "hereditary aristocracy" built of wealth and political power;

That there is no way to restore democracy to a solid foundation, except to make the national economy, instead of the sacrifices of war, "a common enterprise" in the hands of the "common people"—which is socialism, the only possible path forward;

When all these things are ignored, hidden, or even denied, as they are by Roosevelt, and substituted by the bare "will to live," which is really only the "will to empire" of the economic royalists, then *the net result is treason to democracy, and violation of the American spirit.*

In truth, Roosevelt is consciously striving to become the great American imperialist leader on the grand scale. This imperialist role is the antithesis of the living heart of the American tradition. Just as bourgeois historians are rewriting American history to glorify Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and General Conway, to replace Washington, Jefferson, Paine; just as bourgeois novelists bring out an *Oliver Wiswell* to embellish treason and spatter mud on the American Revolution; just as bourgeois motion picture magnates produce *Gone With the Wind* and *Santa Fe Trail* to idealize the slave society and drag down the popular understanding of the high character and historically progressive significance of a Lincoln and a John Brown—so does Franklin D. Roosevelt perform a similar part on the American political stage.

Roosevelt represents the negation of the traditional American spirit, as surely and as completely as American imperialism with its fevered ambitions of World Empire is the negation of everything represented by Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln.

EARL BROWDER.

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Chapters from the Book of Tomorrow

Socialism—"a fact as sure as the earth, as sure as love." Ruth McKenney draws a lesson from the Soviet Union. A preview of 2041.

IN 1911, when this magazine published its first issue, socialism was an idea in the minds of scientific economists, a beautiful dream in the hearts of the great dreamers, the people. Today, as I write this article for the thirtieth anniversary of the *Masses,* socialism is the most important fact of modern life.

Where are the words to sing such a vast triumph? Only think, in twenty-four years, hardly enough time to grow a complete man, the Bolshevik Party came up out of an exile everyone but its members thought hopeless, to lead 160,000,000 people, citizens of an immense and once tormented land, into the bright horizons of socialism. Look upon the facts carefully. In a little more than two decades, an insignificant span against the great sweep of history, the people of the Soviet Union have found their way past the final barrier of barbarism to realize at last man's 5,000-year-old dream of rational living. The prophets of doomed capitalism in the rest of the world greet this astonishing achievement with maddened invective; but we can afford to laugh at their mewing little words. For the world changed on Nov. 7, 1917, no matter how the capitalist little folk may deny it.

But perhaps it is difficult for us to measure the proportion of contemporary events. Then look at history, the way it may be written for the school children of 2041. I can see the teacher surveying her rows of plump, freshly washed dumplings, aged nine, and saying, "The class will now turn to Chapter I." Chapter I, the book will say, "Man Struggles Against Nature." Maybe there will be that picture of the Neanderthal man that used to fascinate me so, or perhaps they will have dug up better bones. Anyway the chapter will tell of man discovering the use of fire, man developing his first grunts and howls into language, man whittling the first tool and constructing the first wheel, man writing the first sentence. After a slight pause for the cave art of France, the youngsters of tomorrow will whip through the glory that was Greece, the difficulties of medieval times, the discovery of the new world, etc., etc., and then finally will come Chapter VI, "Man Discovers the Powered Machine: The End of his Long Slavery to Nature."

The 2041 historians will devote quite some space to the construction of that famous steam spinning jenny and the mercantile civilization which produced it. Then, the children will read something cold and rather angry, like this, "Human beings, with the invention of the power machine, now had at their disposal the device which was to liberate them from their ancient bondage to the business of eating, finding shelter, providing clothing, and keeping warm. However, all you boys and girls will be very shocked to know that it took some hundreds of years for men to find out how to use the machine. Indeed, this very same machine, which was to set men free, produced slavery and misery upon the earth's surface such as had never been seen before. Please turn to Chapter VII."

Chapter VII will be entitled "The Horrors of Capitalism." Probably, since this is a textbook for nine-year-olds, the historians will omit some of the items included in the high school history. For after all, the children of 2041 have never come face to face with a cruel society, and although it is important that they understand the development of civilization, I doubt if teachers will want to tell the small ones about lynchings and torture in the prisons, about innocent men shot to death in strikes, about women kicked in demonstrations, about chain gangs and electric chairs, third-degree and child labor. But even the text for the fourth grade will have to describe capitalist war. There may be a picture of the trenches in the First Imperialist War, and probably the text will describe the bombings of Barcelona and London, Chungking and Berlin. There will have to be something about unemployment and sharecropping, annual wages paid to workers, and the teacher may let the children sing the great song about Joe Hill, so that they will know something of the pain and the yearning for life, in 1941.

Perhaps this song brings tears to the eyes of the little girls in the fourth grade, perhaps it makes the boys double up their fists and scowl, but the class soon cheers up, for Chapter VIII is "Socialism: How It Was Won; Our Heroes of the Past." The chapter begins with the story of Lenin, and the first imperialist war. Perhaps there is a quotation from Lenin's essay on the question: Will the Bolsheviks Take Power? I hope there is, so that the youngsters of 2041 can feel the burning passion, the fierce determination of that hero of the past, on the eve of the Revolution. Certainly the book will tell about the intervention, and maybe there will be a picture of the sailors of Kronstadt who held the line at Petrograd.

And then of course the children will learn how socialism was finally built in a backward agrarian country in 1917. The great figure of Stalin will overshadow this section; the youngsters will learn what it meant to be a missionary for collectivized farms when the kulaks were still strong. There will be a few blistering paragraphs on capitalism's internal attack on the Soviet Union and how it was defeated through the Moscow Trials. "The story of building socialism in the Soviet Union," the book will say, "is the story of the self-sacrifice, the single-minded determination of the working people. Never think for one moment that socialism was as easy in those days as it is now."

Finally the youngsters will come around to the passage, "Now perhaps all you readers wonder what was going on in the rest of the world while the first Soviet country under Lenin and Stalin made socialism with such heroism and sacrifice. Well, of course the capitalists tried to behave as though nothing had happened in the world. They went right on treating the workers cruelly, waging wars, and they even tried a worse form of capitalist government—fascism. When you grow up, if you specialize in history, you will find out all about this period and you will learn the

Nazi Winter Relief — *A. Jamison*

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Peace

I

Abel lying meekly dead
halo of blood about his head;
Cain says "Earth hath peace."

Judas runs to Christ and stops;
kissing, whistles in the cops,
Says, "Jesus sold, buys peace."

"When discontent is loud at door
peace needs war; find peace in war,"
Says Cæsar planning "peace."

II.

Cain on Wall Street, trades in peace,
war by product, blood to be
a depreciate currency.

Judas in Congress, kissing peace
through a long AP release
turns to vote war loan increase

And the Cæsars, promising peace
after triumph, after war
tensely watch the camouflaged door.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

★

names of such treacherous, cruel people as Roosevelt and Churchill, Laval and Hitler. But for our history book, all these events were really not very important. The main thing was during all those years the workers everywhere in the world were finding out about socialism and organizing to bring it to their countries. For as soon as the Soviet Union finished its first Five-Year Plan and completed the collectivization of agriculture, socialism was a fact. And since socialism was the only possible rational way to use the machine, capitalism was doomed, even if the capitalists didn't admit it. [Laughter.]

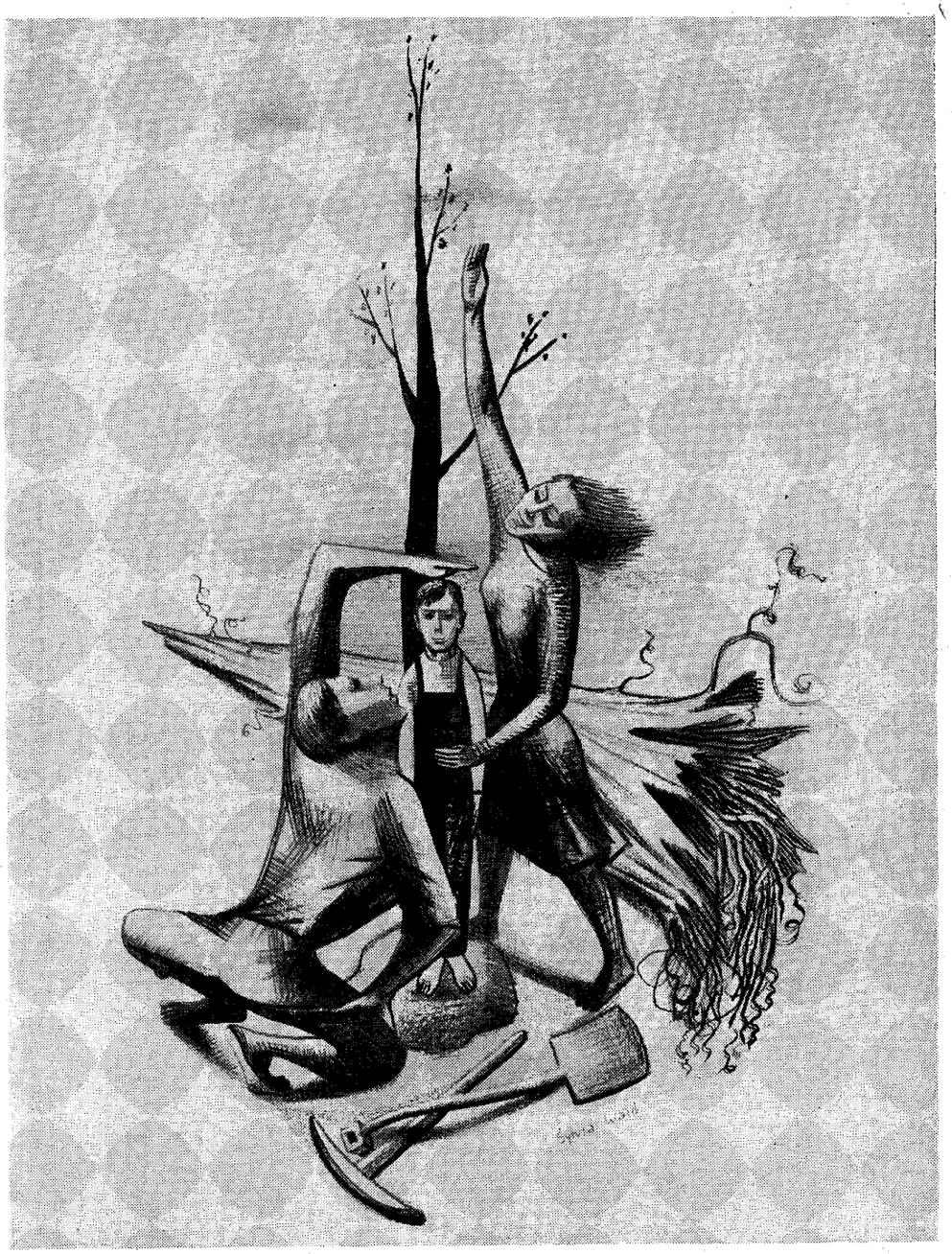
"But of course you children must not think that bringing socialism to the other countries was an easy thing to do. The capitalists were desperate. They told the most outrageous lies about the first Soviet country, for in those days the workers did not own the press. Even worse, they persecuted and tortured the Communists who fought everywhere for socialism. You all know the great names of the Communist leaders of those days, Thorez and Thaelmann, Dimitrov and Palme Dutt, and in our own country, Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, and James Ford. And besides these famous men, there were countless, numberless Communists, obscure and modest, who suffered and sometimes died, so that you children, you who read this, could be free. None of us must ever forget the limitless courage, the cool, efficient work of those Communists of long ago.

"However, it must be understood that socialism for the world was just a matter of time, after the Russian Revolution—time and organization, time and the lives of brave men. For the main thing to remember is that the socialist era began Nov. 7, 1917, in what was then known as Petrograd, Russia. Human beings began, from that date on, to lead the rational life. It was the great triumph of men over nature, one of the few important landmarks of all written history. And although it took some years for socialism to become a fact throughout the world, we wish we could tell you children, you who have never known hunger or suffering, a cruel and mad social system, what the Russian Revolution meant to the people who lived then under capitalism. To your American forefathers, Nov. 7, 1917, was the declaration of freedom for all mankind. And for many years, men lived in the darkness of capitalism sustained by the bright, bright vision of socialism in that first of revolutionary countries, the Soviet Union."

But please don't misunderstand me. I think the children will be reading about the birth of socialism in the United States long, long before 2041. But I can see in my mind's eye with perfect clarity, those happy children of tomorrow solemnly studying the history of man's long climb out of the slime of primeval life. I know this is not just a vision to blot out the misery of life in my country today; it is a fact, as sure as the earth, as sure as love. For the Soviet Union is the scientific demonstration of hope, the mathematical proof of the future.

The readers of NEW MASSES, who for thirty years have kept this magazine alive, need not be assured of the victory. For we all know that the fact, just the fact of the Soviet Union is the proof we can never fail. The future belongs to us.

RUTH MCKENNEY.



After the Clearing — *Sylvia Wald*

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From Dream to Nightmare

Imperialism "trades on the slogans of the democratic past to conceal the reality of the autocratic present." Joseph Starobin discusses the dynamic of American foreign policy.

THE United States took at least eighty-five years after the Declaration of Independence to realize its nationhood in the full sense of the word. It was not until the middle 1840's that the northern boundaries of the new state were fully defined. It was shortly before the Civil War that the southern border was clearly established and the claim to the Pacific Coast fully staked. And it was the Civil War itself which decided whether or not the fully defined territory of the Union would be developed on the basis of wage labor, that is, on the basis of modern capitalism.

In those years the relations of the American republic to the outward world bore a relatively simple character. Most issues in foreign policy involved the assertion of the sovereignty of the new nation, issues inherited from the birth struggle with the British empire. Some of these were territorial questions, as in Maine and Oregon. Others involved the right of the now independent merchants and emergent manufacturers to an uninhibited trade in Atlantic and Caribbean waters. In terms of abstract morality, many of the events in our early foreign policy are difficult to justify. The Indian tribes were eradicated in a bloody, relentless warfare. The negotiations for boundary settlements were characterized by guile and horsetrading. The annexation of Texas and the invasion of Mexico seemed to foreshadow the geopolitics of a subsequent century. It was a period of irrepressible expansion, and yet it differs fundamentally from the imperialism which sets in a half century later. The process whereby we became a nation will be truly appreciated only as the historically progressive and necessary advance of a higher system of social relations. The virginal forests and prairies were mastered and the pastoral economy of isolated tribes and settlements was supplanted to release creative and productive forces such as the world had never before seen.

This is the period which gave birth to what we call the "American Dream." The outstanding characteristics of American life at that time were its self-confidence, its pride in revolutionary origins, its conviction that America was not only a refuge for the oppressed of Europe but an example of democracy for the rest of the world. When Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, landed in New York harbor in December 1851, he was greeted with the cry, "Welcome to the American republic which demonstrates successfully to the world man's capacity for self-government. Thrice welcome to our infant country, the hope and trust of friends of liberty in every nation and clime."

America was promises. Each free citizen was keenly aware of the economy of abun-

dance which lay beyond the Alleghenies, awaiting only the application of science and work. The American mind was illuminated with a fierce faith in the unlimited opportunities for the individual, a sense of high mission for the nation.

It so happens that in this period also will be found the origins of every *motif* in American foreign policy until our time. Back in 1825, Henry Clay warmly espoused the Panama Congress, convened by the South American liberator, Simon Bolivar. Cuba was considered a likely candidate for admission to the North American Union. From 1812 through 1867, it was believed only a matter of time (and a brief heroic campaign) until Canada would cut loose from John Bull and join up with Brother Jonathan. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 merely acknowledges the current expectation of a canal across the isthmus of what is now Panama. In the early forties, says one historian, Honolulu looked very much like another New England town. In 1844 Caleb Cushing, our first commissioner to China, brought back a treaty with the celestial empire which anticipates by fifty years the diplomacy of the "Open Door."

Today, Walter Lippmann would have us believe that the Monroe Doctrine was a joint product of Anglo-American diplomacy, based on a mutual trust in the British Navy in the face of a coalition of tyrants in Europe. Actually, however, while Monroe's declaration was certainly directed against the Holy Alliance it was equally applicable to the British colonial position in Central America. There is a fifty-year history in which the declaration was invoked in the struggle with Britain below the Rio Grande.

All of these policies can be explained, narrowly, in terms of the needs of a rising merchant and agricultural capitalism. But the point is that in their origin and early application, they had a progressive and liberating significance. Like the Declaration of Independence, they were couched in the most idealistic and democratic terms. These *motifs* in foreign policy were contemporaries of the American Dream.

Superficially, the subsequent development of American foreign policy appears to be a logical continuation of that same sense of mission, that expansive self-confidence and dedication to democracy which characterized the earlier era. But by 1890, a fundamental historical change has taken place, and continues to take place in the inner character of American society—the change from an emergent agricultural and manufacturing democracy to a monopoly-dominated, aggressive, imperialist power.

In 1825, Henry Clay was hailing "the glorious spectacle of eighteen millions of people struggling to burst their chains and be free." But no sooner has Cuba been freed from Castilian tyranny in 1898 than she is bound by the Platt amendment to the colossus of the north. Like the other central American states, Cuba is staked out as the object of exploitation by American sugar, tobacco, banana, banking, and oil interests, who have the armed forces and the navy of the United States at their command. When Colombia balks at the terms of a treaty for a canal across the isthmus, American imperialists, among them Theodore Roosevelt, do not hesitate to engineer fake revolutions and fashion new republics to get rights of way. Hawaii becomes a bridge to the occupation of the Philippines, whose annexation brings the American flag into the territorial waters of Asia. Whatever Caleb Cushing's pious hopes, the Open Door becomes the distinctive technique whereby American bankers and merchants break down China's walls. John Hay and Philander Knox emphasize the territorial integrity of China, not out of abstract reverence for her sovereignty, but because this is the only way American bankers can participate on an equal footing with their French, British, German, Japanese, and czarist counterparts.

The issue of "freedom of the seas" had a progressive significance a century earlier. But by 1900, the struggle with the British empire is no longer a question of the birth of a new nation. It is the struggle of a rising imperialism, capitalizing on the fact that it arrives later on the scene and is situated in a fortunate geographic situation, to stake out its claim against Britain for world power. The expansion in our century cannot be represented as a simple continuation of the great population movement of fifty years earlier. It is something quite different. There is no emigration of people; there is an emigration of capital, the concentrated expression of the imperialist social relations which have conquered at home. The American republic, once the haven for Europe's oppressed and itself a melting-pot, is now launched on a career of oppressing alien peoples outside its borders.

The change which comes over American policy is not a "great aberration" as Prof. Samuel Bemis believes. It is historically dictated by the emergence of a new banking and industrial oligarchy in the United States,

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which, having conquered the republic from within, now steps beyond its borders to gain new markets for its goods and new areas for the investment of its rapidly accumulating capital. Emergent monopoly justifies itself by appealing to the rights of property as sanctified by the Constitution, even though the process of monopolization destroys the individual property of millions and fictionalizes the liberties of the majority of people. So also in foreign policy, emergent imperialism *trades on the slogans of the democratic past to conceal the reality of the autocratic present.* The very spirit of the past undergoes a parody and crude hypocrisy. Here is how one newspaper reported a conversation between six European ambassadors and Pres. William McKinley on the eve of the Spanish-American war: "We hope for humanity's sake you will not go to war," said the ambassadors. To which McKinley replied: "We hope if we do go to war, you will understand it is for humanity's sake."

These far-reaching inner changes culminate in the diplomacy of the World War. Although Woodrow Wilson came to the presidency on a wave of revulsion against the "dollar diplomacy" of his predecessors, and determined on a "New Freedom," the harsh reality of class relations and the harsh compulsions of world relations mock and thwart Wilson's pretensions. It was his administration (with Franklin D. Roosevelt as assistant secretary of the Navy) which sent American marines and gunboats to intervene more times than any previous administration in the affairs of the Latin-American peoples. Wilson's efforts to maintain neutrality in the Great War in the name of freedom of the seas breaks down when the decisive forces of American imperialism remain neutral only long enough to amass an enormous profit from the war trade, long enough to prepare for a judicious entry into the carnage, and just in time to take the measure of their hereditary rival, the British empire, whom they assist in defeating the fearful rival of continental proportions, the kaiser's Germany. In the World War, American imperialism reverses the relations of financial dependence between itself and Europe. It encroaches further and further into the markets and raw material sources. It comes out of the war with a merchant marine and navy such as enables it to lay down the rules of rivalry for the next decade.

Woodrow Wilson was able to break from the traditional policy of non-intervention in European affairs, only by projecting a world mission—making the world safe for democracy—which echoed the days when Americans felt their democracy was a model for the world. But this is the last time such a slogan can be advanced on a world scale. For the world war gives birth to a new system of human society in old czarist Russia. And from 1917 on, a conscious revolutionary party of the American working class steps forward to proclaim the truth that the ideals of the American dream will be realized only by a

fundamental inner change which is socialism.

In thinking about the future of American policy from the beginning of the century onwards, it is necessary to distinguish the interests of the great majority of the common people from the interests of a narrowing oligarchy which has usurped the basic resources of the nation and infiltrated the government. In the last twenty-five years, in thinking about the relations of the American people to the rest of the world, it becomes necessary to distinguish between the *two worlds:* the system of imperialism which maintains power only by plunging mankind into perpetual warfare, declared and undeclared; and the system of socialism, which in the Soviet Union demonstrates within twenty brief years that it alone can restore the self-confidence that economy of abundance, that sense of high mission which was the American Dream.

A previous generation of American intellectuals met with disillusion and defeat when they failed to make the first distinction: between the nation and its usurpers. They were enamored of the outward form of Wilson's pretensions and failed to examine its essence. Not only did they defeat themselves, but they misled the rest of the people. Traducing the American Dream, they gave us the world nightmare of Versailles to Munich.

Today that same issue confronts us, plus another. Once again it is necessary to insist *which* class within the nation is advancing its interests at *whose* expense. But it is necessary to do more than that. The crying need of our century is world organization. There will be no peace, but, as H. G. Wells admits, a "degringolade of violence" unless the issue of world organization is solved. But the question which confronts the American intellectual is "which world?"

The real choice which faces our generation does not lie within the realms of capitalism. Our choice is neither the fascist "world order" nor the cooperation of British and American imperialism. It is no longer necessary to argue (as it was for so many years) how reprehensible is the first alternative. Fascism cannot bring a stable world order. It is the concentrated power of monopoly imperialism, staving off its inner collapse by a continual expansion at the expense of weaker peoples. It is world disorder, based on the vicious premise of racial superiority. It does not bring abundance, but only rations all human energies to provide for a civilization of barracks. Its elite are gangsters, whose guile conceals but never overcomes their bankruptcy.

But neither is there any hope of realizing a true world order under the aegis of British and American imperialism. The antagonism between them remains fundamental in the imperialist world, and undermines again and again their unstable collaboration. Whatever social stability there was in the United States and Great Britain is being shattered in the process of this war, and before it is over, our rulers will be confronted with the same moral and economic exhaustion which impelled the rulers of Germany a decade earlier to resort to fascism. Since 1917, there cannot be a world order without the Soviet Union in its forefront. But whatever collaboration British and American imperialism achieve can only be a desperate effort to stave off the revolt of the colonial peoples and prevent the advance of socialism to the decisive regions of the world.

The dynamic of Mr. Roosevelt's policies demands a militarization of American life indefinitely. As HR 1776 shows, even the husk of the democratic process is being ground away. The perspective, under the present leadership of the nation, is the dispatch of American young men in every part of the globe, supported by a gargantuan naval and air force while the guns are turned against their families at home. As Joseph Kennedy admitted in a recent radio address, it means that Americans will stand guard in Europe —whence their forefathers fled from despotism—in order that the war-weary masses of people may be kept from following the only alternative which has any meaning for them, the real alternative of socialism.

The logic of American foreign policy today is therefore not merely reactionary. It is counter-revolutionary. It is not simply a departure from isolation. It implies intervention such as Marx called "the slaveholder's rebellion" in an earlier historical period. The slogans under which all this is justified are not simply febrile imitations of Wilson's grand illusions. They are a monstrous perversion of the spirit which animated the settlers and pioneers of American democracy in their quest for the American Dream. To recapture their spirit the course of American foreign policy must be altered. Strangulation of the people's forces in Latin America must give way to cooperation with them, deepening their crusade for education and sovereignty. The ominous pressure on China's United Front must give way to a policy of helping China defeat the invader. That, and the chance of redirecting the whole course of affairs in Europe, giving true hope to its imprisoned and silenced, depends on cooperation with the USSR. To recapture the American Dream, and realize it in our time, is the task of the American working class, and all those who draw strength from sympathy and unity with its struggle and share faith in its certain victory.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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. . . LOOKING BACK

AN INTERVIEW WITH HIS HOLINESS

by John Reed. The Masses, May 1917

"His Holiness" Charles Edward Russell left the Socialist Party because it refused to endorse the war at the St. Louis Convention of 1917. His pontifical comments on World War II in the pages of the "New Leader" *show that he has learned nothing and forgotten nothing.*

As for the other Social Democrats mentioned by Reed in the following article, William English Walling and Hutchins Hapgood drifted further and further away from the socialist movement in the years following the war which they supported on "socialist" grounds. The names are not important today; but the pattern of betrayal described by Reed obviously retains its significance for the present period.

Now that most of the pragmatic radicals *"s'en vont en guerre"* (I hear that Walling and Upton Sinclair are ready to defend the munitions-ships, and that Hutchins Hapgood is drilling to be an officer), it might be interesting to hear what Charles Edward Russell has to say at this time.

His Holiness will be remembered by the older generation as a martyr to his beliefs, among other things, in the days when Socialists couldn't say what they thought and get paid for it; also as the one-time Socialist candidate for President. He is now connected with a news service which is spreading the gospel of war in the press. He believes that we ought to go to war, not only because Germany has violated our alleged rights, but because the Allies "are fighting the battle of democracy against autocracy, and if they are defeated, the progress of the world toward Socialism will be set back several centuries."

I want to be fair toward His Holiness, without altogether kissing the pontifical toe. While enlightening me, he sat at a desk and gazed meditatively at the wall before him, throwing off papal bull—if I may put it that way—in an infallible voice. He did not give me any of the stuff he puts out in the press about "rights," or "national honor," or "cowardice"; no, he spoke his heart honestly, a hate song born of observation and reason.

"War," he proclaimed, "is inevitable under the capitalist system.

"What we call peace is only war in another form. There is no difference between them.

"I have always said so."

"Why then advocate armed strife?" I asked. "Some of us think what we call peace is better than war, for the simple reason that there is a certain amount of free speech and free thought allowed in peace which helps to destroy the capitalist system, and that this is impossible in war."

He shrugged his shoulders wearily. "None of us likes the censorship, the military state," he said, "but all that is the logical result of the capitalist state. We cannot destroy the capitalist state. It must destroy itself. I want to see it work itself out to its logical conclusion. Let us go through with it."

Drawn by Robert Minor.

Back to the Galleys—The Goal of the Open Shop

The Liberator, May 1921

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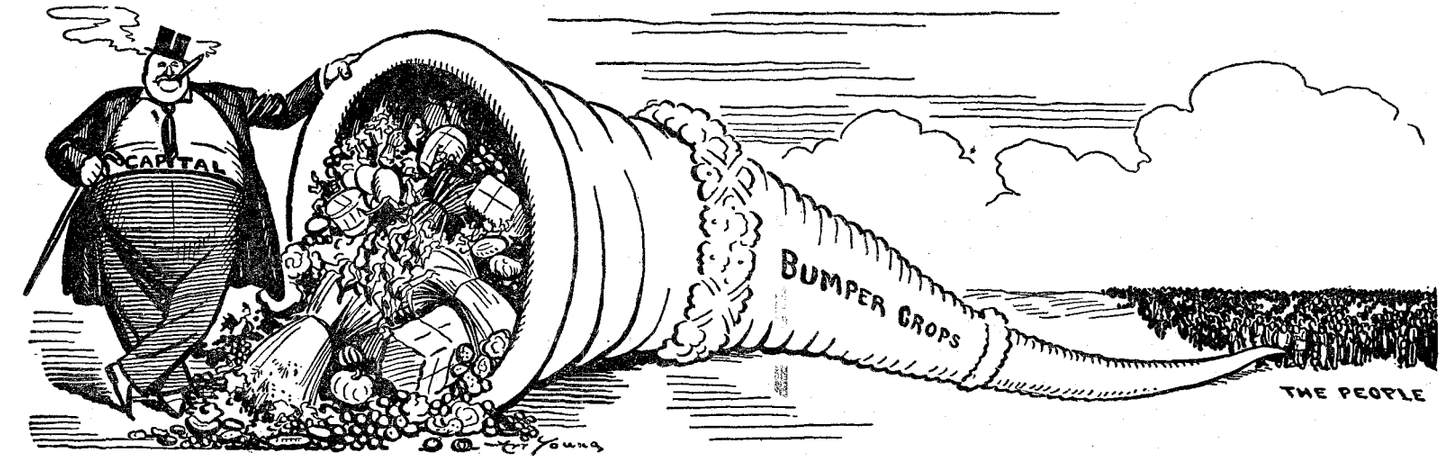

Drawn by Arthur Young.

O JOY!

The Masses, August 1914

"Then you don't believe in propaganda?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Men cannot change this world by talking about it, or by willing it.

"Thought is of little value.

"The world is moved by economic forces which men do not understand, which men cannot control."

"So we all might as well shut up and drift?" says I.

"War is coming. No one can stop it. Those who put themselves in its path will get run over. It is only by some great cataclysm like war that the world can be brought to a realization of the evils of the capitalist system."

"And afterward?"

"I believe that the war is already bringing about a new democracy all over the world. In every country old obstructive institutions are going overboard. If the Allies win, the world will be fertile and ready for change. The Allies represent the forces of democracy combating the forces of autocracy in the German group."

"If I thought that," I said, "I would be in favor of war. But my experience in Europe does not lead me to believe that any increase of liberalism will be the result."

"I have wide and certain sources of information," he said, "and they all agree.

"Since the beginning of the war I have been painfully thinking it all out, and searching my heart.

"What is more, if the United States, by staying out of the war, permits the Germans to win, then the world faces a military despotism more awful than it has ever seen, and a war more colossal than this one. The German violations of international law, no less than the laws of humanity, must be punished and made to cease."

"How about violations by the Allies?"

"For instance?" he asked.

"The rape of Greece, the sowing of mines broadcast in the North Sea—"

"The Germans sowed mines in the North Sea first," he answered. "No, my friend, I do not know of a single illegal act committed by England during this war. As for the United States, I hope we go to war immediately, and I hope that universal military service is adopted here."

"But," I said. "What's the difference if we don't? Isn't it the capitalist system which is our universal enemy? Isn't this capitalist system destroying itself by going to war? Why should we take a gun and go out and kill our brothers in such a cause?"

"I regret it as much as you," he pronounced mildly, turning away to more important matters. "But it is inevitable."

I crossed myself rapidly and beat it.

JOHN REED.

FOG

Death comes like this, I know—
Snow-soft and gently cold;
Impalpable battalions of thin mist,
Light-quenching and sound-smothering and slow.

Slack as a wind-spilled sail
The spent world flaps in space—
Day's but a grayer night, and the old sun
Up the blind sky goes heavily and pale.

Out of all circumstance
I drift or seem to drift
In a vague vapor-world that clings and veils
Great trees arow like kneeling elephants.

How vast your voice is grown
That was so silver-soft;
Dim dies the candle-glory of your face—
Though we go hand in hand, I am alone.

How love and all the warm
Pageant of livingness
Trouble my quiet like forgotten dreams
Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.

How loud, how terribly
Aflame are lights and sounds!
And yet beyond the fog I know there are
But lonely bells across gray wastes of sea.

JOHN REED.

The Liberator, December 1920

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A DECLARATION OF INTELLECTUAL INDEPENDENCE

by Romain Rolland. The Liberator, December 1919

WORKERS of the mind, comrades dispersed throughout the world, separated for five long years by armies, censorships, and the hatred of nations at war, we address you at this hour when barriers are falling and frontiers are reopening, an appeal to revive our brotherly union, which shall be a new union, more robust, more stable than that which existed before.

War has sown disunion in our ranks. The majority of intellectuals have placed their science, their art, their reasoning powers, at the disposal of governments. We accuse no one; we convey no reproach. We know the weakness of the individual soul, and the elemental force of great collective impulses; the latter swept the former aside in an instant, for no measures of resistance had been thought out in advance. Let this experience, at least, help us for the future.

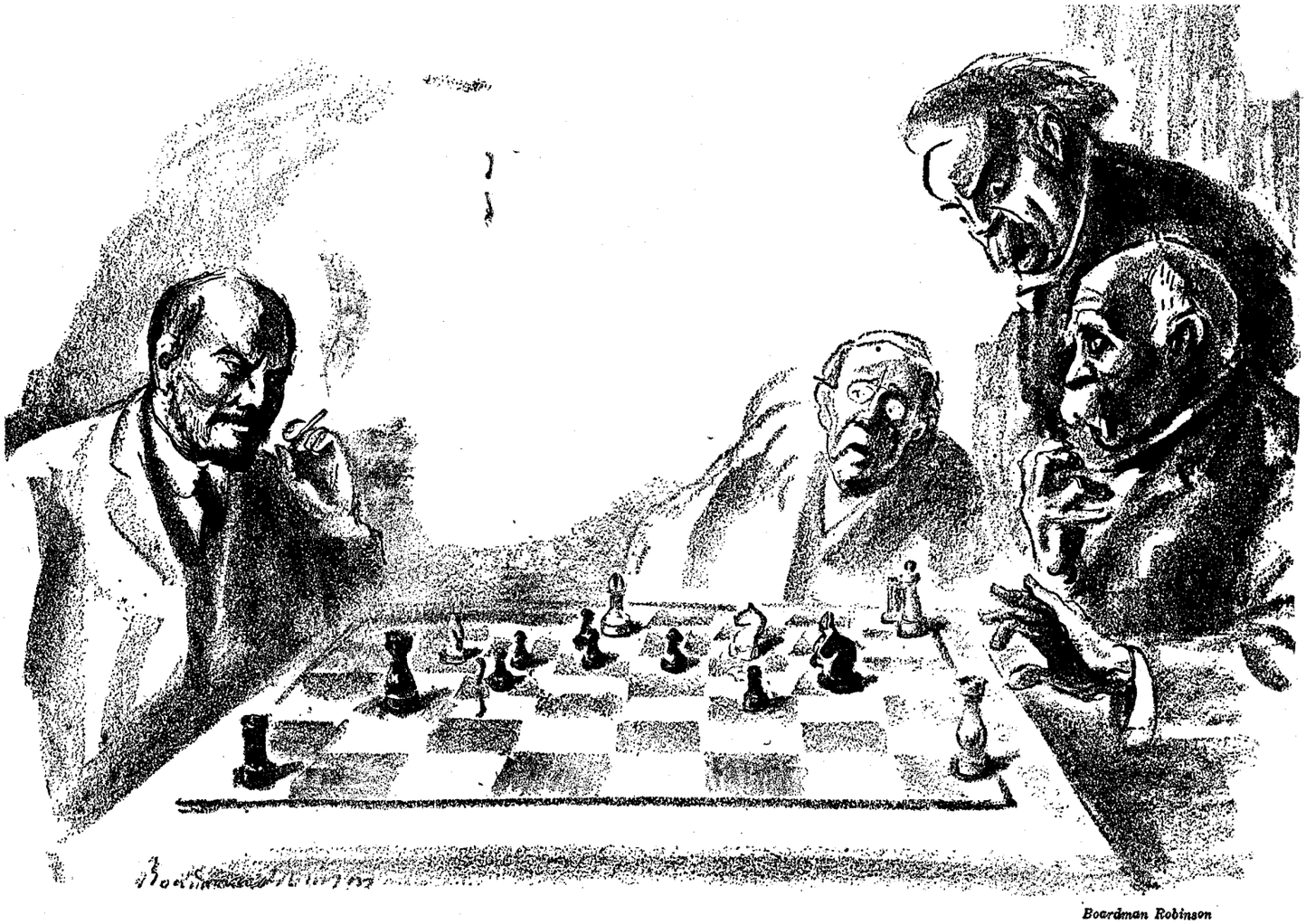
And let us first of all take note of the disasters which have been brought about by the almost total abdication of the intelligence of the world, and its voluntary subjection to unbridled forces. Thinkers and artists have added an incalculable measure of poisonous hate to the scourge which is gnawing into the body and soul of Europe.

They have hunted in the arsenal of their knowledge, of their memory, of their imagination, for causes old and new, for reasons historical, scientific, logical, even poetical—to hate. They have labored to destroy understanding and love among men. And, in so doing, they have disfigured, degraded, lowered, and debased Thought, which they represented. They have made Thought the instrument of passion and (perhaps unconsciously) of the selfish interests.

AND NOW FROM THIS CONFLICT, whence all the nations involved emerge mangled, impoverished, and, in their souls (although they do not admit it), shamed and humiliated by their excess of madness, Thought, compromised with them in their struggles, also emerges with them—fallen from its high estate.

Let us arise! Let us set free the Mind from these compromises, from these humiliating alliances, from this hidden bondage! The Mind knows no master. It is we who are the servants of the Mind. We have no other master. We are created to carry, to defend its light, to rally round it all misguided men. Our role, our duty, is to uphold a positive ideal, to show the polar star shining amid the whirlwind of passions, in the night. We take no sides in these passions of arrogance and of mutual destruction; we reject them all. We honor Truth alone; free, without frontiers, without limit, without bias of race or caste. Assuredly we do not disinterest ourselves from Humanity.

It is for Humanity that we work, but for the *Whole of Humanity*. We do not know peoples. We know *the* People—one, universal—the People which suffers, struggles, falls to rise again, and which ever marches onward on the rough road drenched with its sweat and blood—the People of all men, all equally our brothers. And it is that they shall become conscious with us of this brotherhood, that we raise above their blind battles the Ark of the Covenant—the unshackled Mind, one and manifold, eternal.



Boardman Robinson

"Checkmate, Gentlemen!"

The Liberator, February 1920

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HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. The Masses, August 1916

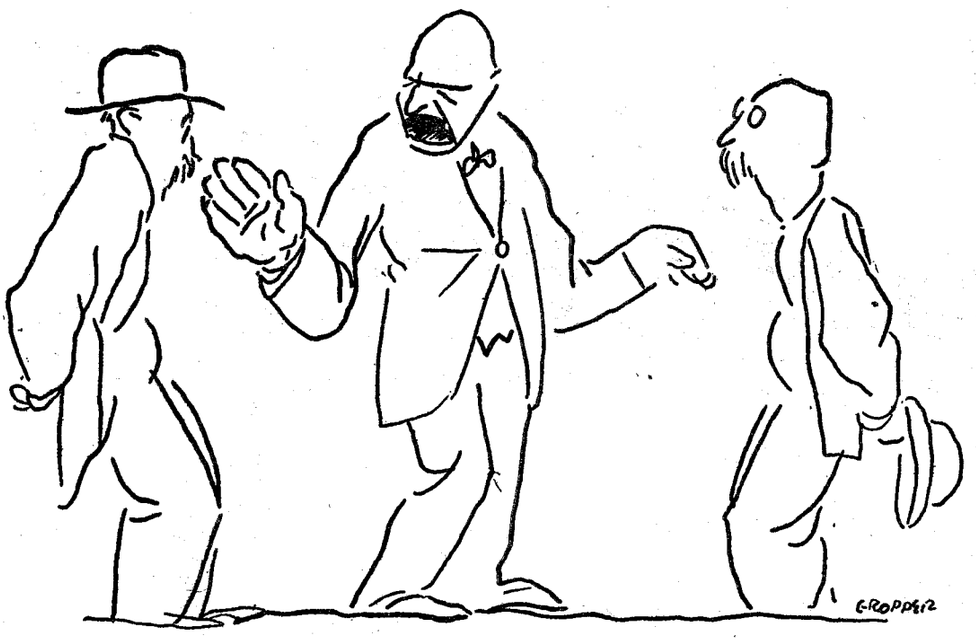
IT MAY interest the readers of NEW MASSES, at the time of this anniversary number, to recall that the first few satires called *Heavenly Discourse* were published in the original *Masses*. Then the band of brigands spawned by the Sedition Act, of course approved by the government, tried to put Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, and Art Young in jail and broke up the *Masses*. There *Heavenly Discourse* stuck until Jacob Baker, then manager of the Vanguard Press, came to me in New York and asked leave to publish the satires as a book. I consented and he asked what royalty I required. I replied, "None, provided you make it a fifty-cent book." He replied he would rather pay me something and I answered, "All right—five cents a copy if you make it a fifty-cent book." So it was settled. Presently Baker returned and said the Vanguard Press was subsidized and was prohibited from publishing any original work unless a sponsor joined in the cost and responsibility of publication and the only sponsor he could get was NEW MASSES. I said, "That is all right with me." "Yes, but you know," said Baker, "NEW MASSES hasn't any money. It is on the rocks itself. Will you stake them with the required money?" I asked how much. I forgot what Baker told me it was but I said, "Go ahead."

The next visit I had from Baker was to know if I would furnish an advertisement fund and postpone any claim for repayment from NEW MASSES. I agreed and *Heavenly Discourse* was finally launched upon the broad ocean—how broad none of us, I least of all, then dreamed. It has gone to every English-speaking country in the world. James Henle, the present owner of the Vanguard Press, wrote me recently that he was just publishing a new edition celebrating the fourteenth year of steady printings.

However, I cannot tell the NEW MASSES readers the trouble it makes me. ever go into any meeting but what I am surrounded by questioners, asking, e you the man who wrote *Heavenly Discourse?"* After looking around carefully plain-clothes men I answer in a low voice, "I am." But at a large and rather swell social gathering at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco some time ago, two gentlemen with medals and decorations hanging on them, one a naval officer, the other an army officer, laid heavy hands on my shoulders and asked the same eternal question. I confessed, without looking for plain-clothes men, and found them the most delighted and appreciative admirers of the book.

Now, I realize I must look out for the Dies committee.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.



"Aw—Shut up! This is a Free Country!"

WILLIAM GROPPER, *The Liberator, December 1918*

GOD is standing on the upper back verandah of the universe—contemplating his finger nails. St. Peter enters.

GOD: Well, Peter—what now?

ST. PETER: I've lost a soul.

GOD: Well?

ST. PETER: I say I've lost a soul.

GOD: That was careless. How did it happen?

ST. PETER: I don't know. I had it with me when I started.

GOD: Where did you put it.

ST. PETER: I didn't put it anywhere. I didn't dare to for fear I would never find it again—I just held it between my thumb and forefinger.

GOD: Was it so small?

ST. PETER: The smallest I ever saw—you could hardly see it. If you took your eyes off it a moment you couldn't find it again.

GOD: Whose soul was it?

ST. PETER: I forget his name, but he was a rich man—

GOD: Did you see if the camel would go through the needle's eye—

ST. PETER: Yes, sir—

GOD: Did he?

ST. PETER: Yes, sir—I had to beat him a little, but he got through. This man had given a lot to your church.

GOD: My church? Your church, you mean, Peter—yours and Paul's. What was his business?

ST. PETER: He was a very charitable man. He sent food to the starving Belgians.

GOD: Did he do anything for the starving of his own country?

ST. PETER: No, I don't think so. You see, they are nothing unusual.

GOD: Well, was that his business? Looking after the starving?

ST. PETER: No—no—that wasn't his main business.

GOD: What was it?

ST. PETER: He was a munitions maker.

GOD: What's that?

ST. PETER: He manufactured gunpowder or guns, or shells or something like that.

GOD: What for?

ST. PETER: Well, just at present for the Poor Allies.

GOD: The Poor What?

ST. PETER: Allies.

GOD: Who are they?

ST. PETER: They are the people on earth who are fighting the Germans.

GOD: O yes. I remember the War on the Earth.

ST. PETER: Yes.

GOD: Why did he manufacture munitions?

ST. PETER: Because he was neutral. His country was neutral.

GOD: What's that?

ST. PETER: They are willing to help both sides.

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A MESSAGE FROM DEBS *The Liberator, April 1919.*

This appeal, by Debs, written on March 11, 1919, the day after the Supreme Court affirmed his ten-year sentence for violation of the Espionage Law, echoes the glowing words of his self-defense a year earlier. Debs, who by then had run for President several times on the Socialist ticket, had been arrested two weeks after his speech in Canton, Ohio, to the state convention of the Socialist Party. In that speech he had praised the Russian Bolsheviks for making peace, and had urged that the American working class press their struggle for democracy in this country. At his trial before a jury whose average age was seventy years and whose average wealth was $50,000, Debs declared that socialism was not merely a dream but the promise of the future. "You may hasten the change, you may retard it; you can no more prevent it than you can prevent the coming of the sunrise tomorrow."

TO THE readers of the Liberator: The decision came as expected. A capitalist court can render only capitalist decisions. In this instance, however, the court did not decide the question at stake. The validity of the proceeding in the lower court was upheld, but the constitutionality of the espionage law, the real issue, was not decided. The court quite evidently did not dare to declare that infamous act constitutional.

But what matter, after all? Great issues are not decided by courts of law but by the people.

So far as I am personally concerned the decision is of no consequence at all.

Sixty years ago the Supreme Court affirmed the validity of the fugitive slave law in obedience to the slave power. This decision was rendered to buttress chattel slavery against the assaults of the Abolitionists. Five years later that infamous institution was uprooted and overthrown in a tempest of bloody revolution. The decision just rendered is to protect capitalist despotism against the attacks of the socialists. Its effect will be to speed the day of overthrow.

That cabal of begowned corporation lawyers at Washington have decided better than it knew. It has added a million fresh recruits to the ranks of Bolshevism in the United States.

As for myself my position is immovable. I stand by every word of the Canton speech. Now is the time for us all to be true to the best there is in us; to resolve to do and dare for the cause. . . .

EUGENE V. DEBS.

★

GOD: To kill each other?

ST. PETER: Yes, sir. But in fact he only helped to kill Germans.

GOD: Why?

ST. PETER: The Germans didn't need any help.

GOD: But why did this—this soul manufacture munitions?

ST. PETER: Why?

GOD: Yes, why? Did he love the Allies and hate the Germans?

ST. PETER: No, he didn't care.

GOD: Then why make munitions to kill Germans?

ST. PETER: Well—er—

GOD: To make money?

ST. PETER: I suppose so—

GOD: To give to your church?

ST. PETER: Only a little of it.

GOD: And a little to starving widows and orphans he helped make?

ST. PETER: Well—you see, the Belgians—

GOD: See here, Peter, all starving people look alike to me—even those in this fellow's mines or factories. . . . Let me cast my all-seeing eye over you—I don't like that soul being loose around here—which hand was it?

GOD: Let me see. (God looks carefully for some time.) Here it is.

ST. PETER: Where? I don't see it.

GOD: No, your eyes aren't as good as mine. Look carefully there. Under your finger nail, that speck of dirt.

ST. PETER: O yes, that's it.

GOD: Peter, you hold it there carefully and go outside the wall to that old sewer that used to run to hell and drop it in.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

A PORTRAIT BY PABLO PICASSO

The Masses, September 1916

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RANDOLPH BOURNE *by James Oppenheim. The Liberator, February 1919*

Randolph Bourne and James Oppenheim were associates on the editorial staff of the "Seven Arts" *magazine.* "Seven Arts" *was forced out of existence in 1917 because its wealthy patron disagreed with the magazine's anti-war policy. Bourne contributed to the* "Masses." *His anti-war essays,* "Untimely Papers," *were edited by Oppenheim.*

(Died December 22, 1918)

Bravest of us all.
And sweetest,
Dead. . . .
Well, Randolph, I am going to speak from my heart
And tell about you. . . .

I remember you first when I was editing The Seven Arts
Just about the time we entered the war . . .
I was shocked to see you, a cripple, hunchbacked,
With twisted ear and protruding teeth . . .
You had difficulty in making yourself heard
And I wanted to avoid you. . . .

But you handed us an article on the war,
And with it your soul . . .
I shall never forget that article, nor those that followed:
They are your immortality. . . .

And when we became friends
I found that they all lied about you:
lied who said you were venomous,
lied who said your soul was like your body,
lied who said you were insincere. . . .

you were sweet, friendly,
a passion for humanity
ost terrible . . .
could never keep away from a trial where some poor rebel was being persecuted,
You held out your hand to the conscientious objector,
You hated war and hate . . .
Your soul writhed over injustice and sham and the masquerades of virtue;
And your mind—
I kept marveling at it—
Such a mind—
A vivid play over the world, a realism penetrating like a keen blade,
A sad humor sparkling along the steel,
An intellect never cold, never dry,
But burning up from the depths of emotion. . . .

You lived, isolated, in a poor lodging,
Writing book reviews for a living,
All your fine friends scorning you or afraid of you. . . .
I remember how the cold of last winter drove you to my grate,
And we sat out mornings before the red coals,
Groping in the darkness of Doomsday. . . .

It was because you loved too much, Randolph,
That they persecuted you. . . .
What do the cowards want with love?
And the easy intellectuals, the liberals, those that follow the star of creative intelligence,
What do they want with truth?
For you loved, not as others love,
You loved the morning star of a better life,
You loved, and so you hated,
Hated everything that hurts humanity.

You were
A triumph in yourself,
You were a victory. . . .
I think of your body, the miserable crippled little thing,
Wheezy and malformed,
Which you had to take with you wherever you went
And exhibit in all its ugliness and humility to others,
Which loaded the dice against you, and made it for you a giant's task to meet the world. . . .
And how out of passion and imagination,
And passionate intellectual discipline,
You surmounted your body,
And made yourself a clear victory in the world,
The most delightful of comrades,
The brilliant talker in groups,
Most lovable of friends,
So that at the last those who took you to their hearts
Saw only your eyes—beautiful, wistful, the eyes of a simple child
And so saw you with their souls,
A wonderful human being. . . .

Now we have lost you . . .
Oh, surely this is Doomsday, and our human world is tottering and crashing to pieces. . . .
The great decayed palace of civilization, all of it, its plushy, muffled, cushioned upper rooms,
And its foul and reeking basement rotten with slums,
Is toppling into chaos. . . .
Those terrible antagonists, the oppressors and the oppressed,
Between them are pulling it down,
Devil and God in man are breaking it asunder. . . .
And in the ruins now you also, my friend, are among the dead. . . .

Here in America you stood with your back to the wall,
Cheered by a scattered handful,
But really alone, one against all of the millions. . . .
Alone, unswerving, dreading and fearing prison and persecution,
Yet continuing in your own truth. . . .

Well, I know, and know intimately, how despair grew upon you,
Until at last you ceased hoping. . . .
What was there left to do, but die?
In this America, with its colossal ignorance, conceit and prosperity,
Its mass-docility, its worship of astounding phrases, its glib, smug self-content.
It is such as you who are persecuted, stoned and lynched. . . .
You, hope of a truer life here,
Bit of the dawn of a real people,
Forecast and harbinger of a better time. . . .

Let it be so:
Let our strong and weak, our masters and slaves, our intellectuals and ignorant
Continue in greed and cowardice:
Let them go on in physical and spiritual comfort:
Let them surely lynch anyone who is uncomfortable:
And here, too, the whole rotten structure shall crash to ruins. . . .
Perhaps it must be so. . . .

But I, this morning,
Only know this:
That you are dead. . . .
And I come as a representative of that future people,
Who, looking back, shall remember you,
And lay a wreath of maple leaves and of early roses on your coffin . . .
—Your light shall live through us,
And beyond us, to the new day.

February 18, 1941 **NM**

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WRITING AND WAR *by Henri Barbusse.* *New Masses, January 9, 1934*

BEFORE the World War I was a bourgeois writer with individualistic tendencies. Unfailingly I wished to avoid taking a position with regard to some particular event or the career of some particular public figure. I was searching for the wheels of events, which were responsible for surface happenings. Through the image of the individual I searched for the immense strands binding each human being to all others. And by virtue of an instinctive Marxist foreknowledge, beneath the contemporary complexities of an emotion such as love, I looked for the irrevocable material laws which stir and impel. Moreover, I was moved by a deep current of good will, of idealistic pacifism. The application of this viewpoint to the concept of the mother land was expressed in my volume *L'Enfer*—which proved to be rather an audacious book for the period when it appeared. But I had not as yet searched into the proportions and depths of the contemporary social inferno.

The World War completed my education as a man. The war forced me to understand many things; and foremost among these, the terrible, full scope of collective destinies. . . .

. . . To return now to literature properly defined. We are, from the viewpoint of the future, inheritors of a tradition which has never ceased gathering strength in the course of the ages, and which consists in bringing to the art of writing more and more of concrete realism, of exact materialism.

A Drawing by George Bellows

The Liberator, November 1921

As I said in discussing this matter in one of my last books, there took place at first in the minds of men a kind of absolute cleavage between (1) things of earth and life, and (2) the explanation of these things. There was, so to speak, an earth whereon life unfolded itself, and a heaven where one might find the reasons for things; and an abyss separated the two. One might say that [illegible] progress consisted during [illegible] centuries in bringing the r[illegible] and causes-behind-facts gradually [illegible] supernatural level to the natural, from mysticism to logic, from heaven to earth.

Following science, literature has undergone this same evolution. To go back no further than the last century, we find three important stages: first, romanticism, which despite its insufficiencies, puerilities, and often disorderly lyricism nevertheless succeeded in bringing profound and warm effusions into the cold, narrow formations of classic poetry. Then, the second stage, realism, sketched upon romanticism with a hand of genius by Balzac, to be subsequently so clearly modeled by Flaubert. And the third stage, the naturalism of Zola.

And now realism must go one step beyond: it must have social breadth. First of all, we must give this amplitude because of professional dignity. As writers our task is to portray our epoch; and if we wish to be truthful we must evoke life not merely in its details, but in its totalities. We must show its gigantic outlines, its vast social currents which are now changing the face of the world. And since we charge ourselves with the task of recording the reflection and echo of a period in history, we must not ignore (nor permit to be ignored) the fact that we have come to the point where mankind has to take steps not merely for the sake of progress, but for the very salvation of humanity!

Today it is not only a matter of restraining oneself from repeating and carefully sifting the eternal tragedy of the human heart: the adventure of love, desire, of old age, and of death (however moving and profound these things may be—they are always material for masterpieces—they always turn in the same circle that ends in nothingness, since the destiny of the individual always ends depressingly: in death). Today we must enter into the collective drama! It is even more stirring than the drama of the individual, and it does not end with death. We must raise on the stage a new protagonist, the most imposing of all: the masses.

Some time ago I wrote a novel about aviation. Having devoted considerable time to flying, I had been struck with a new vision which this product of mechanistic civilization opens upon life. When one has climbed to a certain height one no longer sees a man isolated, nor a house by itself; one sees a multitude. From that height a city consists of people having a new and unified form. One

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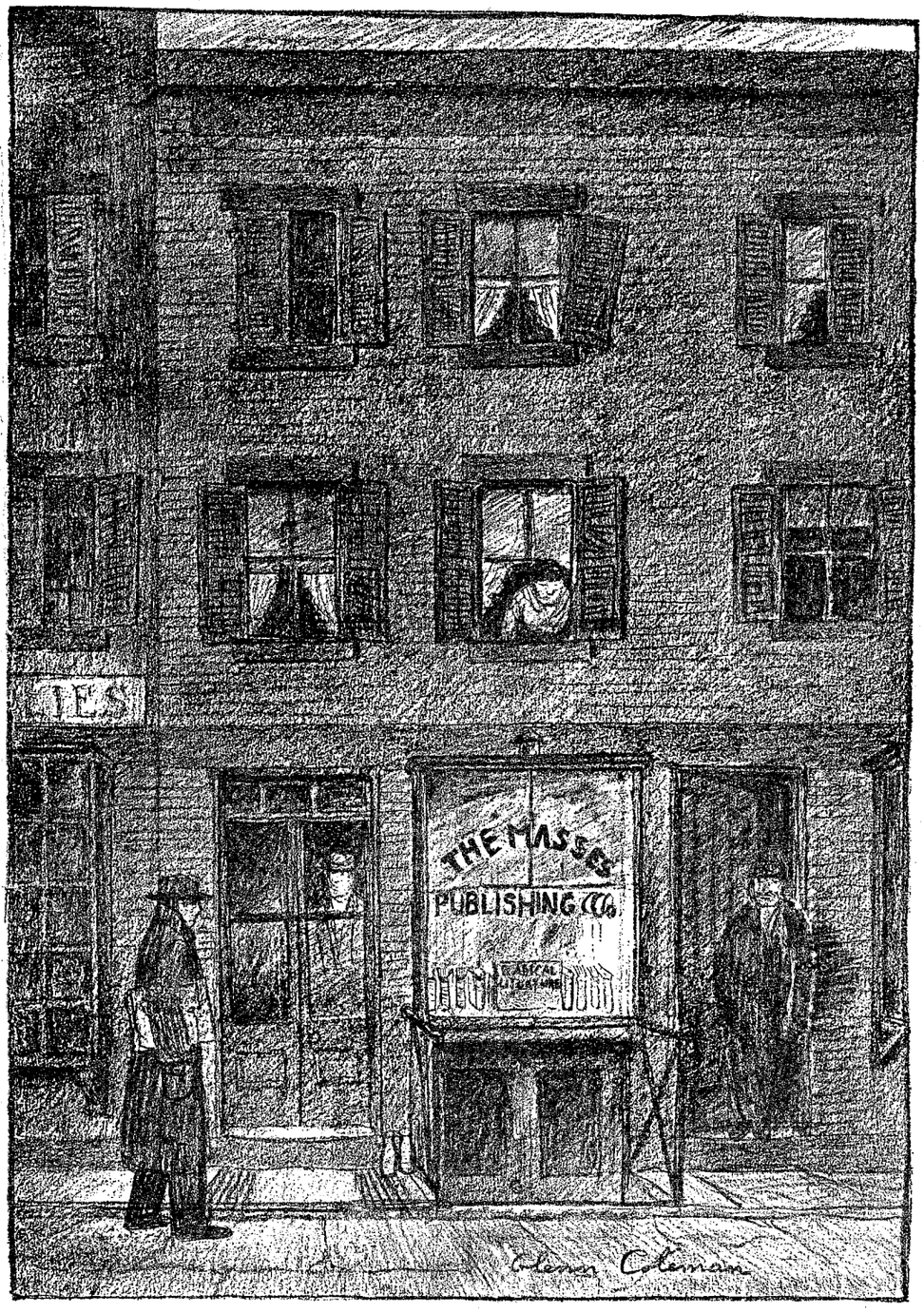

"Mid Pleasures and Palaces—"

GLENN O. COLEMAN, *The Masses, June 1914*

sees the outline of the world no longer as it is abstractly reproduced on a map, but rather the geographical configuration of countries in flesh and bone, if I may put it that way. Such is a true vision of the world. But it is not enough to give merely the appearance of great sections of the universe. We must add as well their significance.

But there is the possibility of errors in interpretation. I was present in an audience of French school children at a showing of a moving picture of the war. The intention was pacifist propaganda. The pictures realistically impressed the spectators with the infernal desolation of battlefields and the pitiful, monstrous movements of the dead and the dying. But the display stirred the minds of the young spectators with currents of hate, being placed face-to-face with the "enemy"—with anti-German chauvinistic sentiments. Doubtless the spirit of a work of art proceeds organically from the work itself without artificially adding to it explicit "propaganda." But, to repeat, it is essential that each and every element of a definitive judgment be gathered together in such a way that the underlying tendencies in the spectacle or in the adventure assume unequivocal shape and permit no possibility of false interpretation.

A writer is a public man. I have often used this formula and I use it once again. He is a public man because his product is not fated to remain inside the walls of his work room, but to go out from there and to be distributed to as great an extent as possible. The writer has not the right to deceive himself, because in deceiving himself he deceives others. He who, to a certain degree, makes an impress on public opinion, must show public opinion, which is still so unsettled and uncertain, precisely where the human species is being led today.

Writers having become aware, freed from the general ignorance and understanding which has too long been the lot of the intellectuals, must join with the renovators and liberators of the social system and league themselves with the proletariat—with the working class, which is alone capable in these days in which we live of saving the living generations from the abyss and the deluge into which they are being thrust.

What I am telling you now, I recall having said not many years ago to some intellectuals in Russia. I explained to them in substance that the intellectuals must not form a group apart; that it is not up to the proletariat to go to the intellectuals, but it is up to the intellectuals to go to the proletariat.

We all agree, of course, that the artist should remain an artist. Each one to his own trade, in accordance with the exigencies of the law of division of labor. Now, there is no occasion for pinning professions of political faith to the pages of books. But let the writer place himself on the side of the exploited against the exploiters, on the side of the oppressed against the oppressors—openly, clearly, and honestly!

To writers and to young people who aspire to become writers I say: Accept whichever role you wish to take in this mass rising of conscious and efficacious will which we have initiated throughout the world in our united front movement against war and fascism. Literature must become valorous in its militant vanguard as long as conditions remain as they are. Corrective and indicting books must rise out of the world until the time that a logical society will have been established—a world in which war and social reaction will no longer have reason for existence and will be no more than phantoms of the past.

HENRI BARBUSSE.

ARTHUR B. DAVIES, *The Masses, August 1916*

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THE STRANGE FUNERAL IN BRADDOCK

by Michael Gold. The Liberator, June 1924

Listen to the mournful drums of a strange funeral.
Listen to the story of a strange American funeral.

In the town of Braddock, Pennsylvania,
Where steel mills live like foul dragons burning, devouring man and earth and sky,
It is spring. Now the spring has wandered in, a frightened child in the land of the steel ogres,
And Jan Clepak, the great grinning Bohemian on his way to work at six in the morning,
Sees buttons of bright grass on the hills across the river, and plum trees hung with wild, white blossoms,
And as he sweats half-naked at his puddling trough, a field by the lake of brimstone,
The plum trees soften his heart,
The green-grass memories return and soften his heart,
And he forgets to be hard as steel, and remembers only his wife's breasts, his baby's little laughters, and the way men sing when they are drunk and happy.
He remembers cows and sheep, and the grinning peasants, and the villages and fields of sunny Bohemia.

Listen to the mournful drums of a strange funeral.
Listen to the story of a strange American funeral.

Wake up, wake up! Jan Clepak, the furnaces are roaring like tigers,
The flames are flinging themselves at the high roof, like mad yellow tigers at their cage.
Wake up! it is ten o'clock, and the next batch of mad, flowing steel is to be poured into your puddling trough,
Wake up! wake up! for a flawed lever is cracking in one of those fiendish cauldrons,
Wake up! and wake up! for now the lever has cracked, and the steel is raging and running down the floor like an escaped madman,
Wake up! O, the dream is ended, and the steel has swallowed you forever, Jan Clepak.

Listen to the mournful drums of a strange funeral.
Listen to the story of a strange American funeral.

Now three tons of hard steel hold at their heart, the bones, flesh, nerves, the muscles, brains and heart of Jan Clepak,
They hold the memories of green grass and sheep, the plum trees, the baby laughter, and the sunny Bohemian villages.
And the directors of the steel mill present the great coffin of steel and man-memories to the widow of Jan Clepak,

H. J. GLINTENKAMP, *New Masses, June 1926*

WILLIAM GROPPER, *New Masses, August 1927*

And on a great truck it is borne now to the great trench in the graveyard, Jan Clepak's widow and two friends ride in a carriage behind the block of steel that holds Jan Clepak,
They weep behind the carriage-blinds, and mourn the soft man who was killed by hard steel.

Listen to the mournful drums of a strange funeral.
Listen to the story of a strange American funeral.

Now three thinkers are thinking strange thoughts in the graveyard.
"O, I'll get drunk and stay drunk forever, I'll never marry woman, or father laughing children,
I'll forget everything, I'll be nothing from now on,
Life is a dirty joke, like Jan's funeral!
One of the friends is thinking in the sweet-smelling graveyard,
As a derrick lowers the three tons of steel that held Jan Clepak.

(LISTEN TO THE DRUMS OF THE STRANGE AMERICAN FUNERAL!)

"I'll wash clothes, I'll scrub floor, I'll be a fifty-cent whore, but my children will never work in the steel mill!"
Jan Clepak's wife is thinking as earth is shoveled over the great steel coffin,
In the spring sunlight, in the soft April air,

(LISTEN TO THE DRUMS OF THE STRANGE AMERICAN FUNERAL!)

"I'll make myself hard as steel, harder,
I'll come some day and make bullets out of Jan's body, and shoot them into a tyrant's heart!"
The other friend is thinking, the listener,
He who listened to the mournful drums of the strange American funeral,
And turned as mad as a fiendish cauldron with cracked lever.

LISTEN TO THE MOURNFUL DRUMS OF A STRANGE FUNERAL.
LISTEN TO THE STORY OF A STRANGE AMERICAN FUNERAL.

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ON NEW MASSES' THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

★

William *Z.* Foster

The thirtieth anniversary of the establishment of NEW MASSES is a real event in the development of the class struggle in the United States. I take great pleasure in extending my greetings to this brave journal and to the loyal group of fighters who are carrying it on.

For the past generation NEW MASSES has stood in the front line of the battle for freedom. Its pages are a veritable record of the struggles of the workers and other toilers against the wars and other murderous exploitation schemes of the capitalists. In the present period of deepening capitalist crisis, when various intellectuals have become renegades to the revolutionary principles to which they once gave lip service, the strong, clear voice of NEW MASSES is needed more than ever. In the fight to keep America out of war, to protect the living, working, and civic standards of the people, and eventually to establish socialism, NEW MASSES is one of the most powerful weapons possessed by the workers and their allies. May it grow and prosper as never before.

R. Palme Dutt

On the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of NEW MASSES, I send greetings from England where you have had so many admirers since the magazine's inception. As our rulers draw closer in the fight against the people of our countries and the world, so simultaneously the peoples of our two countries are brought closer in the common struggle for peace, freedom, and socialism.

Harry F. Ward

Hearty greetings on the thirtieth anniversary. It recalls the brave and independent stand of the *Masses* before and during the last war. The job that you are doing in the same manner in an even more critical situation is indispensable. This time of danger is also the day of opportunity. Many middle class intellectuals are getting disillusioned and alarmed. They are looking for the facts behind the facts and a sound analysis. More power and long life to you.

John A. Kingsbury

Permit me to extend my heartiest congratulations to NEW MASSES on the occasion of its thirtieth anniversary.

NEW MASSES is a shining example of courageous journalism, and no one knows how far your little candle throws its beams. At this time in our history, especially, it is performing an indispensable service.

Whether or not one always agrees with what one reads in NEW MASSES, your right to say it and to publish it should be defended by every citizen who believes in the principles of democracy laid down by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence.

May NEW MASSES long continue to serve the nation through constructive criticism, defense of the Bill of Rights, and pointing the path to true democracy.

Those Who Always Pay — *Georges Schreiber*

Richard Wright

During these days of war, it is with pride and an overwhelming sense of responsibility that I extend heartiest greetings to NEW MASSES, its editors, its co-workers, and its readers and subscribers. I say that it is with pride because for the first time during an imperialist war there exists in the world a new hope, a new workers' government and new magazines like NEW MASSES to give voice and utterance to the aspirations of peace loving men.

I believe that all our hard years of struggle to keep NEW MASSES alive have been a proving time, for we are on the verge of witnessing an "All Out" assault upon the hopes of the international working class. All of us, including NEW MASSES, can congratulate ourselves upon the fact that, so far, the Soviet Union has, through its strength and strategy, outwitted, out-maneuvered, and out-fought the imperialist war-makers. The base of world evolution, the Soviet Union, stands impregnable and invincible, a beacon of guidance during these days of dark confusion.

But the hardest task lies yet ahead. The imperialists can maneuver no longer; they are fighting and must fight for a re-division of the spoils of the world, and no man knows when the day and hour may come when they, exhausted and bitter, will turn from their bloody mauling of each other and combine as common prey upon the world's lone socialist state. We must watch for this. We must fight against this. We must explain this again and again and again.

The one way out that I think that all writers should expound is this: STOP THE WAR. And when the ears of all honest men hear this command, they will at once begin to search for ways and means of ending this disastrous conflict and they will be able to come to but one conclusion: The people of the warring nations must devise new instrumentalities of political life and make their desire for peace effective in forthright action.

So, let us go forth with the determination to STOP THE WAR, standing ready to improvise creatively those implements of political activity that will wrest control of the destiny of mankind from the imperialist murderers and plunderers.

Victor A. Yakhontoff

Please accept my heartiest greetings on the thirtieth anniversary of your most important publication.

I cannot say of NEW MASSES "our magazine" for it was born a few years before my coming to these hospitable shores. I missed a number of its earlier issues. But since I have come to know it, your magazine has become one of the indispensable sources from which I enjoy receiving reliable information and highly intelligent interpretation of events. It has helped me to see the world as it is through the thick fog of misinformation and misinterpretation so lavishly spread by various agencies of those who have no respect for truth.

Long live NEW MASSES. More power to it.

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Ticker Tape and Old Lace

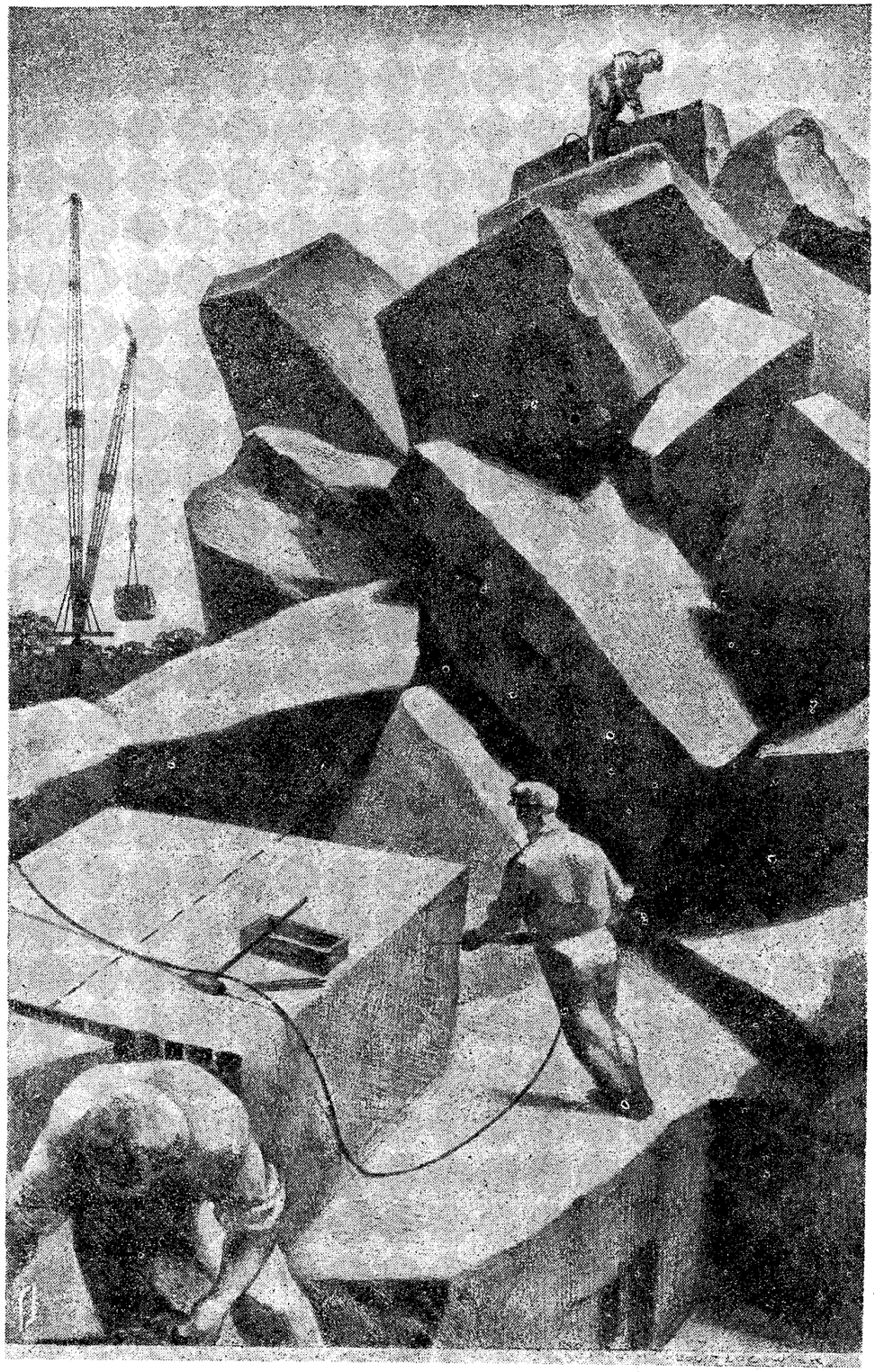
What became of our potential millionaires? The horrid story as told by an ectoplasm of Horatio Alger, Jr., known as William Blake.

THE first day I got a job in Wall Street (in the bankers' panic still lingering through the summer of 1908) an enraged Kentucky colonel, tipped off to buy cotton by my boss, came into the inner sanctum and shot the aforesaid boss into the arms of his Creator. That night my mother told me to "stay away from that place, it's a shame to be seen there." She was right, but budding economists and tape-readers do not listen to piano teachers, for they hear the overtones of anticipated wealth.

That was my introduction to Wall Street. It was a fairly healthy institution, crashing only about once every seven years and passing out only every fourteen. Its customers were either neurotic or fearfully bewhiskered and prosperous: scalpers and manipulators danced about the quiet and dusty board-rooms, most of them grown-up Frank Merriwells. The street, unlike its present resemblance to a sylvan glade, was animated. The rank and file of Americans held it in abhorrence as a seat of iniquity and therefore of prosperity. It contained 10,000 "runners" or messenger boys, who, in the pre-gangster era, ambled along gently, $100,000 in United States twos sticking out of their back pockets, whistling the latest Eva Tanguay or Irene Franklin song, and deep in the lore of *Nick Carter, Buffalo Bill, Young Wild West, Pluck and Luck,* or other really well-written books. (What a descent. The Wall Street circulating libraries of Doubleday, Doran now stock Hemingway!) Max's Busy Bee on Ann Street was the runner's institution, foil to the Stock Exchange. Franks cost two cents, lemonade one, and so-called steak (with soggy potatoes) seven cents. Boys got $5 a week, $5 at Christmas, and were allowed to hear overtly private conversations between Burnside-bearded partners whispering about a hot tip from George Gould on reorganized Missouri Pacific. The proud messenger boy then ran home to Uncle Schultz, who took his life savings, $300, out of the German Savings Bank and bought Missouri Pacific from the secretive tipsters. Thus the messenger boy's salary was paid for a year and so Wall Street justified its old maxim that its employees cost nothing, because their relatives paid for their salaries by listening to inside information. Wall Street was the only place in the world that paid *nothing* for its labor. That was its secret basis.

Thousands of people, spurred on by the American dream that every man was a potential millionaire, freely offered their savings, their nephews, their frankfurters, to the consuming Moloch of the Street.

Wall Street in those days was gaily predatory, New Yorkers rejoiced at the legend of insane avarice of Russell Sage, the crazed hag, Hetty Green, "Bet-You-A-Million" Gates, sly James R. Keene, ruthless Thomas F. Ryan, and Rockefeller's ill-smelling ordure had not yet been perfumed seriously by Ivy L. Lee and Allan Nevins (Professor). Everyone believed that old J. P. Morgan was an ogre. Goddard, Hearst's Sunday-paper genius, brought up the nameless stories (pirated from the Marquis de Sade) that rich men were served on golden platters, passed around by Centaur butlers,



Granite for Monuments — *Louis Lozowick*

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to 400 equestrian diners on the fourth floor of Sherry's! The gilded youth reached its apotheosis in the Thaw case.

Why were so many anxious to credit the purple story? Because they secretly worshipped a class that could bestow infinite opportunity on the common man. At the foot of Wall Street, the Ellis Island ferry chugged in daily, and rarely brought a freight of less than 2,000 miserably clad peasants from the Balkans, Italy, and Poland, and as these came in, anticipated profits from their brawny muscles oiled the stock tickers in Wall Street. True, the middle class was a little skeptical. With the defeat of Bryan, and the unashamed power of the trusts (typified by the Cave Man of Homer Davenport and the greasy checked vest of Opper, then the favorite cartoonists) a good many Americans felt that though they were getting the worst of it, there was still a grand chance. Nor were they crazy altogether. Of forty-seven boys who attended public school with me, in one of the worst slum districts of New York (1906), practically all have transferred their residence from Grand Street to West End Avenue or to Flatbush, their nightly allegiance from pinochle to bridge, their cuisine from street ovens for hot potatoes to the attenuated joys of Schraffts. When I wanted to go to Europe (I had heard that there was so much more dough in London) a worthy American millionaire took me by the hand and said "Bill, don't go. In Europe, there are ten times as many smart men, with ten times the knowledge we have here, fighting with ten times the intelligence and zeal for a tenth of the money." When I figured out the fifth power of ten, I quit and accepted the American Dream. And in 1911, when this national faith was fairly intact, and only slightly shaken, a group of young men in New York challenged the whole business and founded the *Masses*.

Thirty years later, look at Wall Street again. There are few uncles left to listen to tips. The "savings of the people" have increased in figures, such as delight capitalist apologists. But the savings are made by fear, by the certainty that small business fights precariously, that there is no longer a wholesale transfer from Ellis Island to the slum, from the slum to Harlem, from Harlem to the Hotel Pierre. Giant agglomerations of billions in insurance companies, monster banks, and institutions (for "beneficence") manipulate new investments without the formality of a ghostly stock market. A phalanx of finance and industrial capitalists numbering only a few thousands sit on American stomachs and cause nightmares where once sleep gave release. The messenger boys no longer stroll, dreaming of Horatio Alger gents with silk toppers whose daughters' one demand is to marry the deserving poor.

Youth is wise. It knows where its hope is. That great spongy middle class, in whose openings it slaked its thirst, is rapidly going. Concentration has ended the apprentice. The musket has replaced the "industrious youth wanted by old established merchants. Bright future. The partners of this house began in the same way. Calhoun Robbins & Co." Lots don't advance by hundreds of percent so that the immigrant can lasso profits with a shoestring. War and fascism threaten to attend the full maturity of NEW MASSES as some vestiges of the American past attended its birth.

In 1911 we heard the full organ blast of Joseph H. Choate, the thin pitch of Elihu Root's judicious baritone, the drum-beating of Teddy Roosevelt, and the ladylike Messianism of Woody Wilson. They told us America was opportunity, by which they meant the chance to get rich without working at manual labor. Not a soul disbelieved in this except little knots of "malcontents" such as those that founded the *Masses*. The giants that led on the American Dream have gone with the two-cent frankfurter: the malcontents mess up my ordered ex-Wall Street life by compelling one of the last stragglers of the American Dream to write the post mortem of his once gay hopes. Only labor is left to dream and to act to bring its vision into being.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

To an Unfoiled American Revolutionaire

Poems should never be explained, but I will explain this one a little, and request the reader to create in his own mind and with these words a context in which it may stand. Our time knows a new kind of heroism. We are reluctant to use the word hero for the good reason that we dislike the connotations of hero worship, the sick idea of a God-sent savior. For this reason we are a little slow to see a new kind of person who now emerges as a very significant human being. The prototype is at large in humanity. We will see him more clearly in the next few years. We are helped by contemplating this unfoiled person; he is a part of us, we are a part of him. And when the definition is clear, we will not hesitate to use the word hero; it will be a good proper word again.

(not forgetting Whitman's *Foil'd European Revolutionaire)*

Member of the people's army—a unified man.
Unlike the hollow children just his age.
Held an important outpost. At first, alone.
Alone, but not alone, with invisible help,
Knowing why he worked of what he was a part
Not alone. At times pressed hard.
Sternly and then not even sternly refused
To feel distance. Fought a long battle.
Some of it simple patience, judgment, risk.
Battle longer then lifetime; often obscured,
Perhaps at times forgotten, so hot the war.
Dwelt on none of this, never told his own story
To himself. Others, less complete, talkative persons
So placed, retreated, found some way back
And applause for the quick excuse.
Too busy to be relieved and too tireless
To risk rest. Servant with skill to devote
All, seeing a world striving to be born.
Used his head in need, made decisions like light
Having theory at heart like a passion.

Was this man real? Are we myth making?
Does one eat with a myth, walk streets with a myth, consult
A myth? Share day and danger? Sleep and wake
In resolute company because of a myth? I ask you.
History mildews in the newspaper. The radio howls.
But bad habits we had drop like ice in the sun.
Here are the new forces. . . . His tensile strength
Explicit love, his sanity tell us true.
Tested; we know; our young ones bring new wills.
Nothing shakes this—the world that makes this man
While he with many makes the world. Believe.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

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The Promise of a People's Theater

John Howard Lawson traces the history of the American stage. "Let us cherish the great tradition of the theater." His call for a truly national drama devoted to the people.

TODAY, more than at any time in our history, the great tradition of American life and culture has added zest and value and meaning. Those who betray democracy today are forced to deny or distort the living truth about democracy in the past. And those who stand on the side of progress have all the riches of our national heritage from which to draw strength and sustenance.

There are many aspects of American culture which are little known, and which offer exciting opportunities for research. But there is no field which has been so neglected as the theater. I recently urged a young playwright to study the origins of American drama. "I'm sure there's nothing worth studying before O'Neill," he replied, "because if there were I should have heard of it." Even such a scholarly historian as John Gassner seems to share this view. In his *Masters of the Drama,* he covers the American theater (from the beginning to O'Neill) in a few paragraphs. "For a century," he tells us, "American playwrights were of no importance whatsoever to the world."

Yet the impressive and crowded history of American dramatic art begins more than two hundred years ago. The first play printed in America is *Androboros, a Biographical Farce in Three Acts, viz: The Senate, the Consistory, and the Apotheosis* (1714). It is a vigorous satire on Lieut. Gov. Nicholson of New York, who appears under the name of Androboros, or "man-eaters." Nicholson is about to lead an expedition against the French, and the Provincial Senate passes a resolution that "he has behav'd himself in the said expedition with Courage, Conduct, and Prudence." It is objected that such a resolution is improper before the expedition has taken place. "By all means," is the answer, "lest when it is over you should have less reason for this resolve."

The agitational plays of the American Revolution may properly take their place with the brilliant political writing, poetry, and satire of the period, as elements in the first great flowering of an American people's culture.

On Oct. 20, 1774, the Continental Congress prohibited "exhibitions of shews" along with "horse-racing and all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting," etc. A factor in this prohibition may have been the prejudice against the professional acting companies because of their British personnel and sympathies. The English actors departed for the West Indies. And suddenly a new kind of drama appeared—crudely direct in its propaganda appeal, angry, brutal, disdaining literary devices, reflecting the needs of a people in arms. Little is known about the production of these plays. If they were acted at all, it must have been by amateurs, and probably by soldiers. Mercy Warren's *The Group* has on its title page the statement that it was "lately acted, and to be Re-acted, to the wonder of all Superior Intelligences, nigh Headquarters, at Amboyne." The

Fifth Avenue Shopper — *A. Birnbaum*

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"group" about whom Mrs. Warren wrote, were the coterie of upper-class traitors in Boston, who frankly admit that

"All our hope depends on brutal force,
On quick destruction, misery and death."

The play's satire is savage, but it contains no action, and it is hard to see how it could be played effectively.

On the other hand, *The Fall of British Tyranny* (attributed to a certain John Leacock, of whom nothing is known) contains scenes which are broadly theatrical, and dialogue which is vaudevillesque in its speed, humor, and vulgarity. It contains an amazing scene in which a group of English lords (portraits of North, Bute, Chatham, and others) expose the fact that they are plotting civil war in America as a direct means of advancing their Fifth Column activities against their own country: they intend to "weaken Britain by leaving her coasts defenseless and impoverish America." Bute also plans to sow disunion by making the Protestants fight the Catholics. The bishops must be led to *believe* that their revenues will be increased: "For what is a bishop without faith?"

Another scene takes place on the deck of a British man-of-war off Virginia. The vessel is crowded with Negro slaves who have been kidnapped from southern plantations to force them to fight against Washington's armies. The crew discusses this situation in salty talk peppered with profanity. The cook refuses to "stand cook for a parcel of scape-gallows, convict Tory dogs, and runaway Negroes." But there is also a hint of understanding of their captives: "Poor devils, they look half-starved and naked like ourselves."

The promise of a people's theater, contained in the raw material of these propaganda plays, was not fulfilled. But throughout its development, the stage has been peculiarly responsive to the social forces which have molded American life. At the founding of the Republic, William Dunlap and others raised the demand for a National Theater, endowed by the government and dedicated to the service of the people. In the Jacksonian era,

William Sanderson

Robert Montgomery Bird's *The Gladiator* thundered the message of an aroused democracy. Walt Whitman wrote that "This play is as full of 'Abolitionism' as an egg is of meat." In 1852, the dramatization of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* roused millions to the fight against slavery. Two months after Harper's Ferry, *Ossawatomie Brown,* by Mrs. J. C. Swayze, opened at the Bowery Theater, New York, with scenes showing the heroism of John Brown and actual events of the raid.

In 1881 Steele Mackaye, apostle of realism, toured America in *A Fool's Errand,* a play which told the truth about Reconstruction and the crimes of the Ku Klux Klan. Mackaye's letters to his wife during this tour constitute a memorable record of the difficulties—and the indomitable spirit—of the truth-loving artist: "I enclose you money order for $30. You little imagine what it has cost to get this . . . I am still hard at work perfecting *A Fool's Errand,* and believe I can make a success of it yet. I shall never give up till breath is ready to leave my body forever" . . . "Dear Emmie (Mackaye's sister) brought out all her diamonds and jewelry, and offered them to me, to raise money on." . . . "Things grow harder and harder. Business bad, company mutinous, body used up by fatigue." . . . "I will bear anything but failure to meet my obligations to my company." . . . "With a little money I could come out of these trials with triumph: as it is, I shall probably be buried beneath them."

But Mackaye's fight was not in vain. It was one of the links which bind the plays of 1776 to the achievements of the Federal Theater with its footlights across America in the nineteen-thirties.

Our theater has a long proud tradition. Its roots go deep in the soil of America. When men like Robert Sherwood seek to degrade their art in the service of reaction, they dishonor the great tradition—but they cannot destroy it. Today the struggle to maintain the democratic function of the theater is part of the people's fight for a free America. Our dramatic heritage is a weapon in that fight. Let us cherish and explore the great tradition of the theater—so that the long dream of a truly national drama, dedicated to the needs and aspirations of the people, may at last be realized.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON.

Total War

My first contribution to the old *Masses* was a poem. I'd like to have a poem to be my last though I don't mean this is my last attempt. Oh, no. But I do find creative time difficult to get now that the eyesight of my husband, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, is so nearly gone and he needs me at his side every moment. I do all his reading to him and most of his writing either by dictation or by his telling me how to answer his letters.

And so I send this poem "Total War" to the anniversary number of NEW MASSES because I know this magazine is one of the instruments for Total Peace.

Rise Mary, take your babe and fly:
The manger bed's no longer safe.
If Joseph and yourself should die
What hand would lift your helpless waif?
You say, "The bombs fall far away."
No, Mary, you lie under them.
Rise, snatch your baby from the hay
For death flies over Bethlehem.

O Mary gather in his toys
And keep the boy in his abode.
It's dangerous for little boys
To frolic in the open road.
You say, "The danger's far from him."
No, Mary, he plays under death.
Call him; Already dark wings dim
The narrow lanes of Nazareth.

Now, Mary, Jesus must not roam
To preach goodwill by land and sea.
Bring him and his disciples home.
They are not safe in Galilee.
You say, "They've hung him on a cross.
He'll have no need for further flight."
Then, Mary, weep a double loss.
Golgotha has been bombed tonight.

SARA BARD FIELD.

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Did You Ever See a Dream Fighting?

The story of thousands of young Americans today, as told by Mike Quin. "There's one more Delaware to cross."

"THE Devil is a practical man," said my Grandfather, "but God is a dreamer." That was his explanation for the misery of the world. In our neighborhood it seemed so, for the affairs of evil appeared to go forward with great efficiency, whereas the rewards of virtue were difficult to perceive.

My mother had a different idea. She told me never to cease dreaming, for then I would never grow old.

There isn't much we've done with our hands that didn't exist as a dream first. Men dreamed of flying for centuries before the Wright brothers managed to get their contraption off the ground. I don't think they ever dreamed of dropping bombs. But that's one of the risks you take in realizing a dream.

Dreaming is different from thinking. No man can shake a dream out of his head. Once he's dreamed it, his eyes will try to find it or his hands to make it. Nothing can stop him and he can't stop himself. The hungry man dreams of food. The sick dream of cures. The slave dreams of freedom and young people dream of love. Out of our pains and needs and desires come the visions we try to create with our hands or pound out of life with our fists. And through it all the dominant dream of centuries has been for an abundant and friendly society.

America dreamed well and worked lustily, and once it seemed we'd achieved the goal. If growing enough food, building, and making things could do it, we'd have been all right. But that wasn't enough.

We founded our democracy and opened a frontier that attracted all the dreamers of the world. Men don't pull up stakes and cross an ocean unless they're capable of dreaming strong dreams. Each one came with something in his head that he was determined to create or achieve.

We ripped up forests, spread farms, raised cities, dug mines, dammed rivers, griddled the country with railroad tracks, and strung it with wires. The crops came boiling out of the soil and the goods poured from our factories in volume and variety unheard of before. Abundance was needed and we created it. Then what happened to our dream?

Grammar schools pumped that dream into our veins like a potent stimulant. I grew up in the cockiest age of American confidence. We were full of cornflakes, sass and vinegar. We gathered in the schoolyards, Irish, Swedish, Italian, Negro, Chinese, Greek, English, Scotch, Russian, German—everything. We pledged allegiance to the flag, then marched into classrooms to learn to our disappointment that the wars, conquests, and adventures of history were over—that Americanism had smoothed it all out—that the perfect society had been achieved and there remained nothing for us to do but live our lives in derby hats and overalls.

How enviously we read of Washington crossing the Delaware, and of Lincoln freeing the slaves, and wished we had been born sooner. Now all was civilization and perfection. But in spite of this disappointment, we were proud of the achievement and proud to be Americans. We believed the dream, and so did our teacher, old lady Robertson. We believed the world outside was a big cheese and all we had to do was slice ourselves as much as we wanted.

We lost our parents' nationalities in the schoolrooms and graduated uniform American products, parroting the same slang and sharing similar ambitions.

Then came the real education.

Growing enough food and producing enough goods wasn't enough. Working hard wasn't enough. All the vast acres of America weren't enough. Everything existed in great plenitude: brains, energy, skill, land, resources, tools, factories, and water. But it wasn't enough.

The American dream was still an airy thing of the imagination, as far from reality as it was when it first existed as a vision in the brains of American pioneers.

Then we began to look around us, and we began to think. We began to investigate—what becomes of all this food after we grow it? What becomes of all the great wealth we create? Who owns it and how? What is capital? What are profits? What are depressions?

We began to see the need for a collective, friendly society in which human beings would cooperate with each other for their mutual welfare. We discovered that our own welfare was dependent on that of our neighbor's, that his sickness or misery soon affected us, that his health and prosperity would reflect favorably upon us. We soon realized that the American dream could be achieved only in socialism. So we began to work for it.

That is the story of thousands of young Americans today. Because the Russian people were the first to tackle the job of building socialism, we are classified as dangerous radicals advocating foreign "isms." Capitalism wallows in its own dirt and failure and blazes in the insanity of war, meanwhile calling us "dangerous."

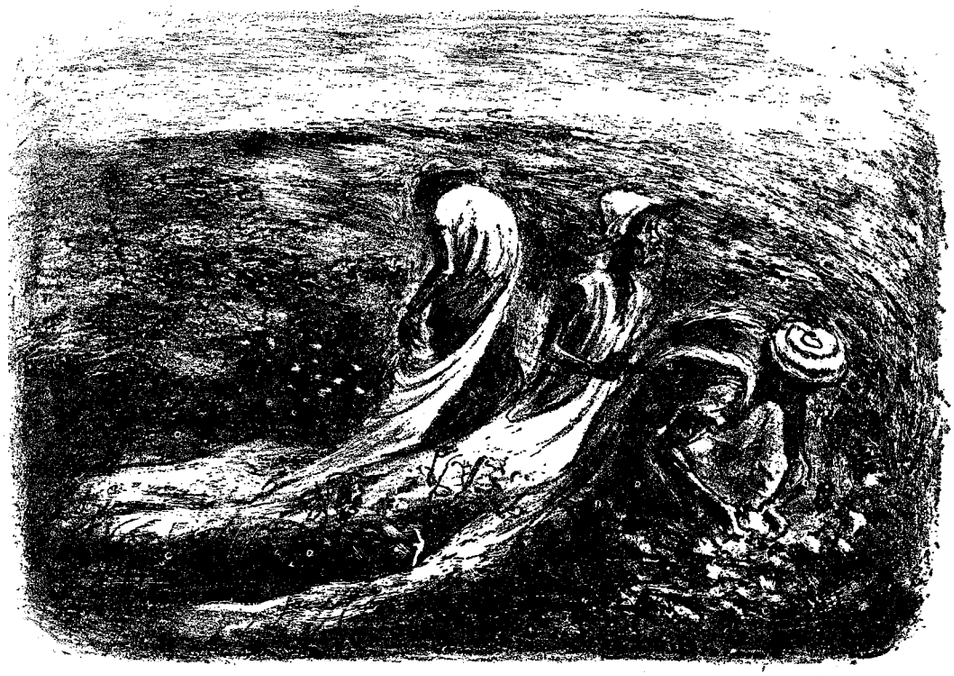
The American dream is a strong one. It was born in the brains of revolutionists and pioneers. It was passed on from generation to generation. It's a composite of all the fire and courage and laughter in history. It's sure and relentless. It will be realized.

The American dream is the hope of all humanity for a decent, good natured society where a man can work and laugh and have friends. It's not something to hope for. It's a thing we can plan and build.

All this depression, trouble, and war—it's not meaningless. It's learning a lesson—learning the hard way, but learning.

The troubles and conflicts of this day are the fire in which we will forge the American dream and make it a reality. There's one more Delaware to cross and one more frontier to pioneer. But that's all right. We can do it.

MIKE QUIN.



Cotton Pickers — *James B. Turnbull*

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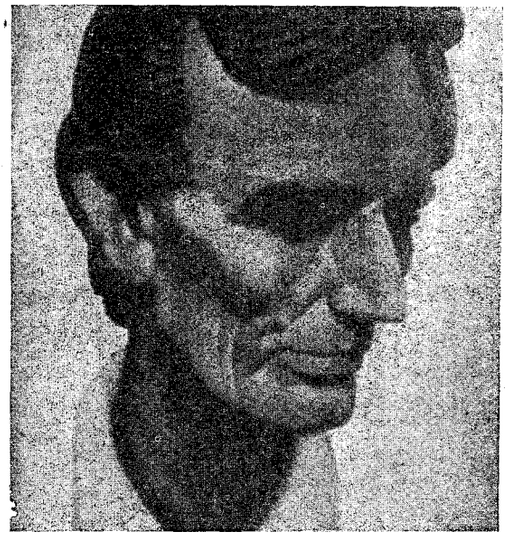

IN LINCOLN'S MEMORY

On Lincoln's Birthday, four years ago, the first contingent of American volunteers in the Spanish Republican Army solemnly named their battalion after the Great Emancipator. To them the name was a glorious symbol of the people's cause in which they fought. In the spirit of Lincoln they battled valiantly for two hard years to preserve "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," not only in Spain but everywhere in the world. Theirs was the first blow struck against the war-makers—those in America who denied Spain arms, as well as those abroad who loosed their bombs on the Spanish people.

Today there are many Americans—members of the Lincoln Brigade—still suffering from wounds of the Spanish war. Twenty-six are **permanently disabled.** Over ten thousand dollars is needed for their care during the coming year. The Veterans' organization appeals to you, to the Americans who know how to appraise true service to democracy, for this sum. **Send your contributions now.**

Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Inc.
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How America Should Help Britain

D. N. Pritt, a leader of the People's Convention, sends a message. There is another alternative than to choose between "the home pack of wolves or a foreign one."

London.

IT DOESN'T grow any easier—or less interesting—as the war goes on, for British friends of NEW MASSES to try to understand whither progressive thought is really tending in the USA, or for people in the USA to understand how opinion is developing in Britain. The fog of censorship and the slowness of communications combine with distance and the almost complete absence of actual visits to set up a very real barrier at a time when "history's making, nations are quaking," and political thinking is shaping itself with unexampled speed and decisiveness.

But the more I think and work among politically active Britons—which so far as surface appearances go means left-wing Britons—the clearer I become in my own mind as to what we ought to be and are aiming at in Britain, and what we hope our friends in the United States are for their part seeking to achieve. (I am speaking, I need hardly say, for left-wing—for socialist—thought in Britain, including masses of the rank and file of the Labor Party; the leadership of that party has become temporarily indistinguishable from the Tory Party and has taken into captivity with it a large but diminishing section of its rank and file.)

Let me first state the British position as we see it. The class war, fierce and well developed, still rages in Britain. The more right-wing working-class elements have been cajoled into laying down their arms in that war while the ruling class fights it more cunningly and ruthlessly than ever. The true left-wing elements, growing in numbers and influence, are carrying the whole burden of the class war and maintaining it with a high measure of success against odds. The outstanding feature of the position is the steady flow from right to left as more and more people realize what is happening, realize, in short, that our ruling class will never fight for anything but itself. The position was well put by "Vigilantes," in his book *Why We Are Losing the Peace* written early in 1939:

> The whole conception of national unity with the defenders of the plutocracy is a dangerous delusion. The National Government were freely offered national unity on the basis of the Covenant over Abyssinia, and abused it for their own ignoble and disastrous ends. They will never agree to national unity in defense of the vital interests of the common people. What they demand is national unity in suicidal defense of the vested interests of the plutocracy, with themselves in control and the common people as cannon fodder. In pursuit of this policy the common people are to sacrifice democracy, freedom, their standard of living, and finally life itself.

The whole future of Britain, and with it that of the world, depends upon the speed of the flow from right to left in British working-class opinion, and on what will happen when it produces a definite left-wing majority.

Side by side with this struggle, of course, the military war against the Nazis also rages unabated. Our working class has always detested them; and our ruling class, which secretly loved and envied them for the way in which they kept their workers down, and openly built up their strength in the hope that they would use it against the USSR, now outdoes everyone in its verbal expression of hatred of Hitler, and is certainly carrying on the war against him at present as well as the inefficiency, waste, and corruption inseparable from capitalism will allow.

In these circumstances, while we have no difficulty in seeing that life would be hellish if Hitler achieved a victory, we see equally clearly that it would be hellish too if the British ruling class were left in the saddle after a military defeat of Hitler. Insecure, terrified, anxious at all costs to hold on to its position in a world where everything would be fluid and explosive, our ruling class —whether it would or would not by then be so completely "in pawn" to the ruling groups in the USA as to have to act wholly under their orders—would then seize with delight the opportunity to destroy what was left of our democratic structure and our trade union organizations, and to enslave us in the chains of English reaction as completely as Hitler would have enslaved us in Nazi chains;

Abraham Walkowitz

indeed, it would be driven to take this course by the bare instinct of self-preservation, even if any scruples might otherwise have held it back.

We are thus not enamored of the idea of fighting to the death over a period of years for whatever slender advantages we may find in electing to be despoiled by a home pack of wolves rather than by a foreign one, however nasty, leaving all the economic causes which produced both the war of 1914-18 and the present war to operate with increased feverishness and bring about a third imperialist war in a few years' time. If these were genuinely the only alternatives the outlook would be black. But we are sure that they are not. We are convinced that there is another and a better course, quite clearly to be seen, which will serve the true interests of ourselves and of every other people involved—and we know that in truth all peoples are involved. This course is to win a majority in Britain over to the view that a genuine government of the people should take power in Britain, should offer a peace of "no annexations or indemnities" to the German people, over the heads of Hitler and his crew, and should proceed to reorganize our economy so as to eliminate the causes of future war. A campaign to this end is developing rapidly in Britain and gaining greatly in strength.

That is what we are aiming at in Britain; and the question that interests so many of us in Britain is—what is or should be developing in the United States? We would not presume to tell you, or even to advise you, what to do; we only express, as I wrote at the beginning of this article, a hope. And our hope is that you will pursue steadily the task of enlightenment and propaganda, teaching ever-widening circles the truth and reality of the class struggle. We want to see more and more people understanding that neither a greater nor lesser flow of American help to the British government of today, neither belligerency nor friendly non-belligerency in the present military struggle, is going to build for the people of America or the people of Britain a world in which peace can be won or maintained, a world in which we can live at our ease in security and prosperity. In your continent and in ours, a system must pass and a new system come. The change will never be made by the tiny but powerful minority that does so well for itself under the old system; it must be made by the peoples, and to that end they need only power, and confidence in themselves to use that power. And as soon as they have that confidence in themselves that they ought to have, they will have the power.

D. N. PRITT.

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This Is Churchill's "Democracy"

Theodore Dreiser looks at a prison-house of nations. "As for the 500,000,000 British subjects outside of England, are they represented in Parliament?"

"IT IS a fearful thing to lead this great people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars—civilization itself [according to British propaganda] seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for *democracy;* for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government; for the rights and liberties of small nations; for the universal dominion of right by such a concert *of free peoples* [England's subject colonials for instance—T. D.] as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world, at last, free."

Thus spoke Woodrow Wilson on April 2, 1917. Subsequent to this, more than 2,000,000 American soldiers were transplanted overseas, 1,700,000 more were in camps in the US at the same time. The number of troops taking part in action against the enemy was 1,390,000; losses in battle, including killed, wounded, and missing, 240,197. The US Navy increased from 197 warships to more than 2,000, and its total armed forces to 575,000. There were loans amounting to nearly $10,000,000,000. But as for bringing peace and safety to all nations and making the world at last free—England and France repudiated their debts to the US. Not only that, but today, of the 4,000,000 who entered the army to save democracy in 1917-18, most of them—or their widows and children—are in difficult straits, many unemployed. A $30-a-month pension is desired for these, but is being fought by the corporations. They (the corporations) cannot or will not find work for such people, and they do not want to be taxed in any way for their support. Yet they want large sales for all of their products. But to whom?

And then: the death of President Wilson in 1924 called to the attention of the world the ideals of America for world peace, and not so long after, fifty-four nations became members of the League of Nations; for the first time in history, the principle was adopted

War — *William Gropper*

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that any nation declining to submit a quarrel to arbitration should be branded the aggressor and restrained by force.

But during the life of that League, England, France, Japan, Poland, and the United States invaded Russia in 1920-22, and were not restrained. Later Italy invaded and annexed Ethiopia and was not checked. In fact, England gave as a reason for refusing to act in behalf of Ethiopia that it was not "sufficiently advanced socially" to be permitted to enter the League. Later, Italy and Germany invaded Spain in order to aid the Franco rebellion against the soundly established and forward moving loyalist government, and to establish a fascist regime, and neither England, France, Poland, Belgium, Holland, nor the United States seriously opposed it. As a matter of fact England and France secretly aided Franco. Later, as you know, Germany was given Austria by England and France who had agreed to protect it; also Czechoslovakia and Poland. So much for Mr. Wilson's League of Nations.

And not only that, but listen to Winston Churchill's estimate of our own value to England in the last war, in a speech made in August 1936. I quote:

> America's entrance into the war was disastrous not only for your country but for the Allies as well, because had you stayed at home and minded your own business we would have made peace with the Central Powers in the spring of 1917, and then there would have been *no collapse in Russia, followed by Communism;* no breakdown in Italy, followed by fascism; and Nazism would not at present be enthroned in Germany. If America had stayed out of the war and minded her own business, none of these "isms" would today be sweeping the continent of Europe and breaking down parliamentary government.

Parliamentary government for whom, I rise to ask? Not for the 50,000,000 Englishmen in England. For, according to Anthony Eden, minister in charge of English Foreign Affairs, England is not a democracy. I quote him:

> We in England have not got democratic government today. We never had it, and I venture to suggest to the honorable members of his majesty's opposition that we shall never have it. What we have done in all the progress of reform and evolution of politics is to broaden the basis of oligarchy.

Now an oligarchy, if you happen not to know what the word means—and I am quoting a standard dictionary—is "a government in which the supreme power is in the hands of a few." And yet England was over here in 1914-15 telling Americans that she was a democracy, just as we were a democracy, and that we must join with her, as we did, to Make the World Safe for Democracy. And yet she was fighting the Germany of that day for no such reason. She was fighting a trade rival who was injuring her commercially. In fact England was fighting Germany for the same reason that she fought Napoleon—in 1805-15. And when she succeeded in defeating Napoleon, and France was too weak to restore the French Republic that the French people had fought and died for, she put a king over the French, just as she would have put the British Crown over this country if she could have defeated us.

Again in 1914-18 when the kaiser was defeated, and Germany, too, by reason of England's lies to us—$160,000,000 worth of them—for instance, those relating that the Germans had cut off the ears and noses of the Belgians, lying about and fighting the new Workers and Peasants Government in Russia, organizing five armies, French, Polish, Japanese, and American—yes, we were in Archangel in 1919—helping England with food and guns and medical supplies to defeat the starving workers and peasants of Russia. And those were sent through dear little Finland, one Mannerheim, that great people's friend, acting as agent and master of ceremonies.

But failing in that, she turned to the job of making the "World Safe for Democracy" by restoring the King of Belgium to Belgium and Queen Marie of Rumania to her throne in German-defeated Rumania; also placing that arch friend of Big Business and mass suppression, General-Dictator Pilsudski, over Poland so as to keep the masses in check there. Also King Alexander, assassinated in 1934, over Yugoslavia. Also Horthy—dictator and labor hater—over Hungary. In fact, in due order after that, once the oppressed people of Spain arose and caused King Alphonse to flee, England aided Primo de Riviera, another Spanish dictator, to put down the democratic masses of Spain.

As for the 500,000,000 British subjects outside of England—do you fancy, by any chance, that they have parliamentary government or are represented in England's Parliament? Don't imagine a vain thing. They are not represented in, but are handled by, the British Foreign Office. And in whose interest, do you suppose? The working millions of England who get as little as seven shillings ($2.50) a week? Don't kid yourself. The lords and ladies of England and their Bank of England and the British Tax Office know how to do all that. And do do it. For India alone pays Great Britain $1,500,000,000 every year and the 400,000,000 natives work for from three to ten cents a day for British manufacturers and British tax collectors. So do the natives of Burma, of the Malay Peninsula, of the British protectorates in the South Seas and the West Indies and Egypt and Africa. So you see how "parliamentary government" works for the natives of the British empire—and this kind government we are now once more called upon to save for them!

Oh, sweet, sweet, Jesus!

But this isn't all. Don't go. Wait, just one more minute. I have something to tell you. In London, on January 9, 1941, speaking at the Perth Rotary Club, the Earl of Mansfield, conservative member of the House of Lords, said:

"I do not think Russia is a friend of *democracy*. She does not understand the word and will not help us out of our difficulties unless for her own purposes.

"In the long run, Russia will be as great an enemy to civilization as Germany."

So, kind, gentle readers, get that, will you? After we fix up dear old England once more, she is going to be ready to attack that arch enemy of democracy, Russia, because "she won't help us out of our difficulties—*unless for her own purposes.*" (Dear! Dear! Dear!)

So run and get your gun and enlist tonight, will you? And will all of your belongings to that kind friend of the poor and the underprivileged, the British empire.

Yours affectionately,

THEODORE DREISER.

For the Happy Man

You have gone swimming naked in the night time
with no light but the half light of the moon;
you have laughed into the invisible water,
kissed the waves as they came to meet you.

Do you remember how good it is
kissing the water's lip,
afterward diving into sleep
sheets and blankets, warmth and peace?

You remember all the evenings, you
remember the games and the singing and the love;
they are good things for any man to have.
Give them to us all, we want them too.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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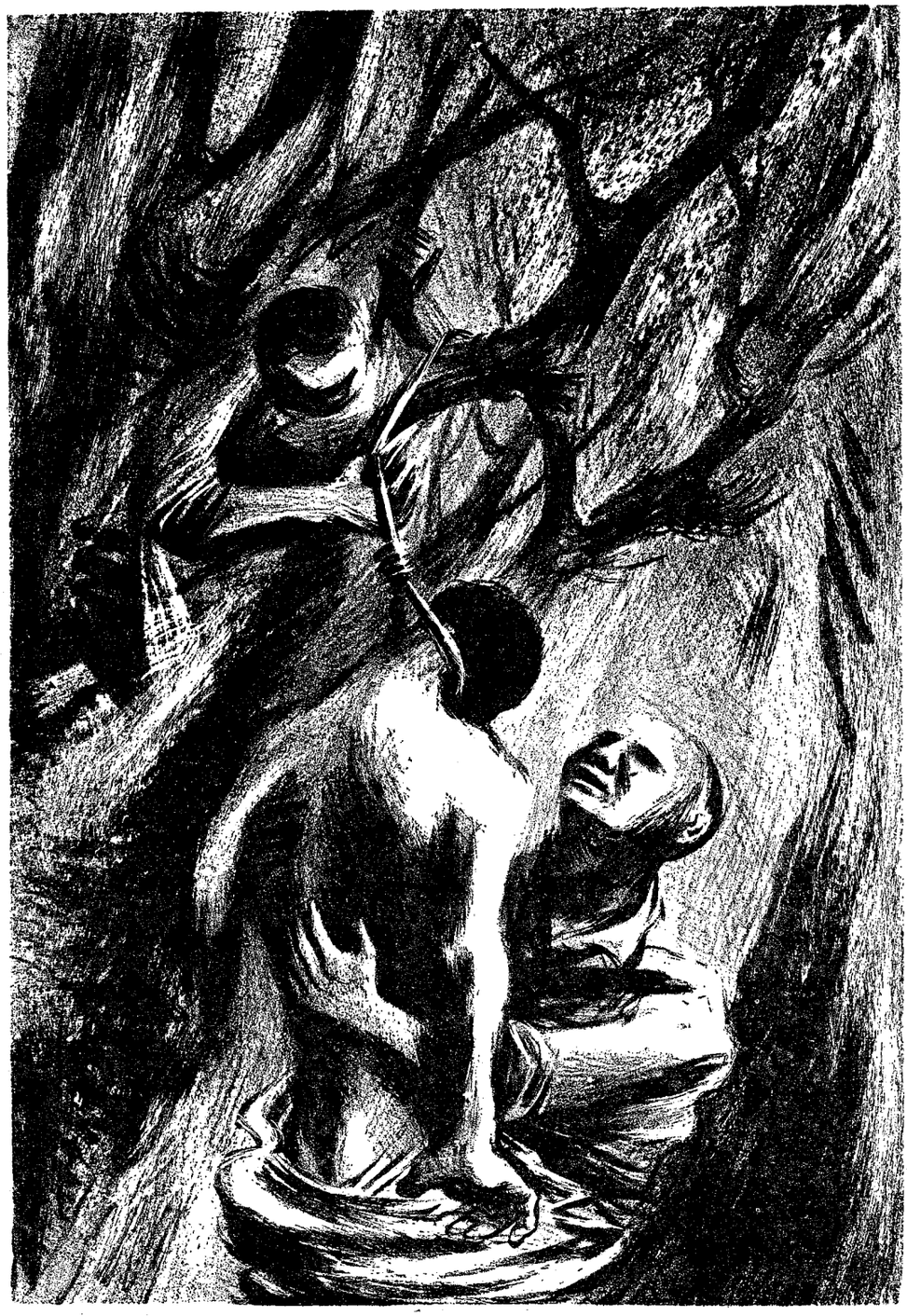
The Derned Crick's Rose

The people of the Midwest fields—the farmers and the rough-handed women—are patient. But look out, warns Meridel LeSueur.

THE Professor had a high sweet voice, not exactly like a bell ram. He said that we do not know what democracy is. Everybody has his own definition, he said. What he said privately was that democracy was dead. The American Revolution, he said, should never have been fought; the "people" were a rabble, a mob to be led by any bell ram to the slaughter; and the Boston Tea Party, he agreed with Oliver Wiswell, was a paid mob only. He didn't say this, not yet, in public because he was naturally a very careful man. And especially he did not say it to a midwestern audience. Especially if there were Irish in the audience. Or Norwegians. Or Swedes.

It was an Irish woman who got up to answer him; and she bore on her body and countenance the marks of a stormy struggle, not only of her own, but of her ancestors —the famine of 1840 still showed in the structure of her bones; and her face was the terrain of battle. She was excited at the sound of her own voice in meeting. "I got to get up and talk," she says, "which I don't do often in meetin'. But I got to say here that it ain't no mystery to *me* what democracy is and it's the first I heard of it being something we can't see clear. I know what it is. I always known what it was. For six generations my people been fightin' the English for it. In Ireland. In America. Now we're still fightin' for it. It's the food to go in our mouths, the rags on our backs, and the roofs over the heads of our children. It's for the good of all. It's for the lives and the peace of the PEOPLE, that's what it is, and don't tell us—excuse me, Professor—don't tell us any different beggin' the pardon of your eddication, but we know what it is and it's not to fight for the fine lords and ladies of England who have milked the whole world."



Three Men and a Tree — *Joe Jones*

If you talk to the people of the Middle West, from the rim of the dust bowl to the corn country, the rutabaga country, at a quilting bee or a church supper, this is what you'll be hearing.

A woman from a small town in Minnesota was sent by the Farmers Union as a delegate to the Emergency Peace Mobilization in Chicago last August. When she saw that great bowl brimming with fight against war, heard the songs of the people again, she got full of fight as a bee in flower time and she came back and went from door to door, from woman to woman, knocking on farmhouse doors, walking into quilting bees and corn husking bees and canning kitchens, and everywhere she said, "I've come to talk to you of peace. . . ."

And they listened. They formed peace groups. And they meet. They are a nucleus of courage, not alone, speaking together, against the mass hysteria and panic necessary to this war.

In the Dakotas, where the space is a long space and, as one farmer said, a man can't hold a meeting on the prairie without being seen for a hundred miles on a good day—meetings do take place even in sod huts which some have been forced into since they lost their farms.

A woman sold her last two roosters to go to the Emergency Peace Mobilization and it was worth it, she says, to see the people begin to speak out again without fear, although the FBI is thick as locusts. "Was I born in a wood," she says, "to be afraid of an owl? Now is the time for American democracy to work. No use, after the horse is stolen, to

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The Chronicler

I shall note first
the ones I loved
They were you
They were all
except a few outside
The four hundreds and their coteries
The hatchet men with manicures
The icy ghosts, the unreal people
nourished by decay.

Then let me note
The ones who loved me,
The great-hearted strangers
who fought in my causes
Who knew my miseries
but never asked my name.

And after these my parents' names
My father and my mother
The poor little laundryman
who could have been a shoemaker
or a fish peddler
Who could have been any man
weeping in the world that night
And my tired mother beside him
as always, weeping too.

And next to these I name
The conscious ones
who knew before the bullet hit the mark
whereof they died;
men without distinguishable names
except at home
around their own small dinner tables.
These have a special place.

And for the rest
Go look upon great rolls of honor
cut in bronze, in stone
In chronicles of little towns,
Glance quickly at the cemeteries
The long daily lists in every land
of those who merely died.
I mention these because they lived
before tomorrow's dawn
And they too must wish
to be remembered then.

None whom hunger marked, or want
None who shared defeat or victory
In the long red dawn of human history
Will be forgotten in the final count
When all the chronicles of suffering are done
And new lists for new honors have begun.

ALEXANDER F. BERGMAN.

Anton Refregier.

shut the stable door. Now is the time because it is pretty late."

In the rutabaga country a woman farmer left her rutabagas in the ground, risking frost, to drive many miles from farm to farm to speak of security, jobs, peace. She was running on the Communist ticket for Secretary of State. Her rutabagas got out of the ground. Farmers came out and voted for her although in many cases the votes were not counted! Now is the time to make democracy work.

There is a meeting in a small midwestern farm house. The light shines out on the snow from the little windows, and the snow stretches far to the dark horizon which swings in a circle around the Great Bear. They are meeting to talk of butterfat and peace. They go together. To a woman they go closely together. You now feel it in the midriff—butter or bullets. They know war prosperity to be a bloody prosperity and likely to be their own blood.

Another thing about butterfat: like peace it connects you with the whole world. Maybe that's what the Professor doesn't know. Hunger and butter as well as bullets make a universal language. You don't need Esperanto now. Women who have never read a book understand it. It is written in the book of the flesh. You understand women you have never seen—in China, Cuba, the West End of London—in the Midwest they talk about those women you see in the rotogravure sitting on the steps of some ruin in the West End with their children dreaming of butterfat—yes—when you meet in a little house on the prairie in the dead of winter you are not alone. You are never alone.

Democracy has a history, too. The people live with the history of democracy. There are the muskets on the wall and pewter on the shelves and the surveying instruments your grandfather used when he got free land in Illinois, and there is the quilt pattern on the bed brought from the Valley Forge country in a covered wagon. The people have longer memories than the Professors, fortunately.

The hard Yankee speech rises in the night, the hard, bolt-nut speech of putting things together, hard and fast—the speech of where do we go from here, and we come a long way, pardner, down raft, ahorseback, wagon, mule back, afoot, hitched and hiked, and what now? Speech sharp as a scythe, with the dry rustle of cornhusking, flat as the horn rim of the prairie. The humor rising like smoke from the house on the prairie—this is a free country, everybody says so. We're being bombed, too, as well as the people of England, bombed of our rights. We're the same as we always were, they say, it ain't us that changed. A woman says, keeping on knitting—It's a mighty funny thing you don't see in the casualty lists from England any of the high names, the great names. It's OUR people. . . .

What's eatin' ya, ma—a big Swede spits into the fire, they're in New Yawk safe as hogs on ice. Laughter and the foot on the snow of another coming to meeting.

We are a patient people. But look out.

Yes, sir, a woman says, it's like my grandpaw in the Civil War. He never saw a big piece of water and he was put on patrol in the Gulf of Mexico, south of New Orleans. When they come to relieve my grandpaw he wasn't there. They hallooed and an answer came out from the water and they yells at Grandpaw—what in tarnation air ya doin' out there in the middle of the water? And Grandpaw yells back—I ain't moved. I been walkin' up and down in the same place but the derned crick's rose!

Men jack-knife over their long legs and laughter snuffs the long snoots and backfires down the long-barreled chest and the women cover their mouths but their eyes search each other solemnly. Yes, it ain't us that's changed. The people are hearing about each other, all over the whole enduring world. The dern cricks rose!

Yes, look out for the people.

The bell ram won't always lead them to slaughter.

MERIDEL LESUEUR.

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White-Collar Dilemma

The middle classes more and more cast off their upper-class illusions. Isidor Schneider finds that large sections have become conscious allies of the workers.

SIGNIFICANT of the unstable and confused status of the "middle classes" is the difficulty of defining them. Should the term include white collar workers, proletarians in fact though largely petty bourgeois in thinking? Such an all inclusive sweep brings together small businessmen, farmers, craftsmen, storekeepers, social workers, sales people, civil service employees, even trade union officials, and every type of professional and artist. Obviously a farmer and a storekeeper lead different lives; obviously neither has much in common with a journalist, surgeon, clergyman, or policeman, nor the latter with each other.

Even within the separate groups there are big social, economic, and psychological distances between top and bottom layers. For example, there is a broad gap between the mortgaged small farmer whose land ownership every crisis proves to be a legal fiction and the large scale farmer who plows with tractors and reaps with harvester combines. There are varying distances between shipping clerk and department head; dental mechanic and dentist, peddler and specialty shop owner. In the last case the customers and neighbors of each provide landmarks of the social distance between them.

There are other special differences to muddle the classifier. In the garment industry, for example, the designer desires consideration as an artist. The advertising copywriter's social affiliations are with the literary milieu; while the living clothes dummy who peacocks through the aisles, displaying expensive wraps, often considers herself a step away from other worlds—the stage or a Park Avenue apartment. (The recently organized model's union is displacing them with healthy realities.)

Still another world apart are the artists who live by their work and those who starve for it.

A chaos, and yet this at one time was a source of middle class pride and strength. It seemed to symbolize middle class individuality. Proletarians, all at the universal, prone level of their sea of squalor, were not individuals; while in the revered aristocracy rank counted rather than capacity. On their solid acres before they were foreclosed; in their well established businesses before they were merged; in their business corner stores before they became chain stores; and with their high priced professional skills, before gears and electric eyes displaced them, the middle classes considered themselves the "core," the "foundation," the "bulwark" of society. If we examine any of the groups, which either by their relationship to production or by psychological affiliation is middle class, we see how each is being stripped of independence and security.

Under a socialist system, tractors and harvester combines and the latest findings of agricultural science would serve all the farmers on their pooled acres. But under capitalism the machinery goes to the large farmer, increasing his competitive advantages over his poorer neighbor. While prices to consumers are such as to put the working masses on rations without the excuse of a foreign war, through capitalist control of the produce markets, prices to the poor farmer are below production costs, forcing him deeper into debt, foreclosure and tenancy, or wage labor on the rich farmer's fields.

The smaller merchant is as far on his way out. The department store undersells him; the chain store absorbs him. In ten years, 1919-29, the number of independents dropped fifty percent. Of the survivors many hang on at the cost of frightful self-exploitation. Like the sharecropper's family, all in the field, the storekeeper's family in candy stores, groceries, road stands and other petty "businesses" take turns behind the counter in a grueling dawn-to-midnight day for an income in half the cases of under twenty dollars a week.

Machinery has displaced numbers of white-collar skills, though the new machine tenders may have the consolation that they can still work in white collars.

One of the worst falls of all is that of the salesman. Well-tailored, cigar smoking, irresistible to farmers' daughters, he was once the American symbol of high living. What a different image the word calls up today—the desperate book agent with the doorstop toe, the drilled Fuller Brush man. In many instances salesmen are still used because, as a new and comparatively genteel form of beggary, their efforts produce some sales. National advertising, the long distance telephone, mail order, and other new selling techniques have reduced the salesman's role in distribution.

Among the highly trained professions, medicine, law, architecture, dentistry, engineering, etc., a trend from independent practice to salaried status has been set by the pressure of competition, which compels high rental locations, showy fixtures, and elaborate apparatus, much of it for display rather than use. Incidentally this which makes it more difficult for poor families to subsidize children through the costly first years of establishing a practice is combining with high tuition costs, as educational requirements are raised, to restrict the professions to higher income groups.

As for salaried employees, the rationalization that squeezed so many of their unacknowledged proletarian brothers off the payroll squeezed them off simultaneously. Between 1929-33 office help employed in manufacturing dropped from 1,203,760 to 802,484.

Even the lower ranges of coupon clippers have suffered. In the alternating process of the watering and dehydration of securities the small investor has been both washed out and wrung out.

II

The declassing process with its humiliations, insecurity, and economic deterioration was felt even before the crisis years, but people tended to lay their troubles vaguely to cutthroat competition and the vileness of man. Nationally, people deplored the declining birthrate as "race suicide" (the term coined by Theodore Roosevelt who wanted a speedup production of human beings for the army). Individually they deplored the human superfluity, especially when standing behind it on a long job line.

There was a general search for escape. People who could, retired. It is extraordinary how tamely proud and powerful businessmen gave up their business independence in mergers; how many scores of thousands of small factory owners and storekeepers surrendered, sold out, became branch managers or retired, often in their prime.

The post-war disillusion was a double one, a loss of faith in the economic as well as the moral pretensions of capitalism. Our literature reflected it. The ideal of business success became a subject for satire.

In the professions, many of the most scrupulous speculated on the stock market. I knew doctors and dentists who, uneasy over their ambiguous relations to their patients and their profession under capitalist drives, gambled for sudden fortunes that would enable them to devote themselves to research.

The retreat from reality was perhaps most conspicuous in the arts, which had been suffering from the tensions of its double life, the unnatural division into popular arts and fine arts. The commercialized, popular arts followed the line of least sales resistance —shameless exploitation of human weaknesses, greed, fear, and sex fantasy. Except for book publication, a special section of the theater and of the concert stage which returned a good living in relative artistic independence for a few, in the fine arts there was a general dependence on a largely indirect and parsimonious patronage—the angels of *little* magazines, *little* theaters, *little* galleries—all *little* to emphasize intimacy and exclusiveness.

Whereas in the popular arts escape was as conspicuous as vanilla icing on store cake, in the fine arts it was detoured into formal experiment and explorations of the subconscious. The extremes in this process led to the ivory tower, to mysticism, to Catholicism, to T. S. Eliot's monarchism, to Mussolini's Haw-Haw, Ezra Pound.

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Around the arts and writers in Greenwich Village and its Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania suburbs clustered journalists, copywriters, and amateurs. Hating what they lived by, they led a sort of protest life of demonstrative challenge of convention. In many of its aspects the art that rose out of this protest, mirrored middle class frustration and demoralization.

III

Like a chronic infection that suddenly boils up into abscesses the dull pains of capitalism swelled into agony tensions in the crisis that began in 1929. Readers will recall the sob-stories of the time, the middle-class bewailing of its lot, college girls behind Woolworth counters, officeless lawyers in cafeteria kitchens, doctors running elevators. The exploitation suffered on these meantime jobs, along with the anxieties of prolonged unemployment and the humiliations of relief jobs, constituted an intensive course in reality for the middle classes.

An important supplementary lesson was that this deepest of capitalist depressions occurred in the period of the first Five-Year Plan of the Soviet Union. In the capitalist nadir year of 1932 came socialism's triumphant announcement of the completion of the Five-Year Plan in four! The upcurve of socialist advance spectacularly crossed the downcurve of capitalist decline.

Even capitalists gave this event a mixed glance, one eye wrathful, the other hopeful, seeing in Soviet prosperity a possible new market opening in the nick of time. Recognition and diplomatic relations between the USA and the USSR followed.

The influence of the success of the Five-Year Plans were immeasurable. One may say that as a result socialism, tabled in America pending the outcome of the Soviet "experiment," which had been presumed to be a comfortable distance of generations if not actually centuries away, had to be put back on the agenda.

All through the depression years the Communist Party, unlike the Social Democrats and the AFL leadership, had been active. Its impressive demonstrations forced attention to the sufferings of the people. Its fight for justice for victims of the class struggle even wrested Negroes from the hands of southern courtroom lynchers. Its direct and indirect aid brought about widespread organization of white collar and professional groups, though this coming to economic self-knowledge proved to be a painful process. Further, it was not easy going for the Communists, who became accustomed to being alternately charged with "domination" and bawled out for not having a "line" ready whenever a new problem came up.

Especially interesting was the effect of these events upon the spokesmen of the middle classes, more specifically upon writers. While an occasional social flicker in the films, or whisper over the radio or innuendo in a confession story raised exaggerated and soon disappointed hopes of bringing social consciousness into the popular arts, there was one important area in which it was able to triumph.

I have spoken before of book publishing and the insurgent section of the theater. These together with the "quality magazines" in part, literary magazines, liberal and radical magazines, and to a smaller degree learned journals, constituted an area which, by capitalist indulgence and also for valid capitalist reasons, had been left in comparative freedom. They were a proving ground where new fashions in cultural products could be launched and new reputations could be developed to replace the old ones, worn to death in the lethal ruts of commercialized culture.

In the four years between 1932 and 1936, the years of "The Bandwagon," the fashions issuing from this area were mainly left wing. The Stuart Chases became planners; the lay preachers took texts from Marx and Lenin; and poets, novelists, and critics turned proletarian—in many cases because they had to, if they wished to keep their following.

In political emergencies when the class struggle comes out into the open as a conflict of capital and labor, it becomes clear that no independent political role is possible to the middle classes; their only choice is the choice of sides in the class struggle.

The middle classes, however, despite the crisis, have not lost all their prejudices nor all their vanities, nor all their panic fears and futile ambitions. Their wish concept of themselves as the decisive classes in the center survives in new forms, which I will call the Social Futurists and the Social Pastists.

Among my Social Futurists I would put the technocrats and Wellsians, all the middle class adorers of technical magic. An elite of technicians would lead the middle classes in a parade to power, other classes standing respectfully aside in acknowledgment of their superiority as wielders of technique.

Among the Social Pastists I would put people like Agar and his southern Agrarians, Mumford and his old New England functioneers. These, pressing forward to Yesterday, would recreate the golden middle class day of small ownership.

In their varying prescriptions these ideologues express the fears, prejudices, and ambitious vanities of the middle classes. The conceit of the independent role of the middle classes has been cleverly exploited in the fascist countries to break up their alliance with the working classes. The middle classes then find themselves in helpless vassalage to the upper classes. Thus the propaganda for "independent" action of the middle classes may become objectively a service to fascism.

The appearance of such intellectuals on the left was an ambiguous one from the beginning. The more arrogant put the labor movement on probation as Waldo Frank has confessed. Edmund Wilson called on liberal intellectuals to take communism from the Communists, *i.e.* from the working class. And most of them came in with a list of reservations.

It is interesting to note what these reservations were—disavowal of the dictatorship of the proletariat, disapproval of Soviet defense measures as "militarism"; and displeasure with the ardor of communism as "religion." Yet today, in defense of Anglo-American capitalism, they cast these reservations over their left shoulders, and stand among the most headlong advocates of dictatorship, of a total war economy and of a synthetic new religion capable of deluding the American people into a sacrificial procession into war.

Since they operated in that reserved area I have spoken of, left comparatively free as capitalism's testing ground for new fashions, they initiated their renegacy with all the old dissident gestures, now declaring their independence *from the labor movement.*

To reaction, these turncoats as the bearers of ideas are welcome. They serve it in a different way, it is true, from a Martin Dies. But capitalism needs all the moral pretenses that can be prestoed up, especially for the sale of such an unwanted article as war.

But it would be a mistake to see the shift of allegiance of these spokesmen as catastrophic evidence of a rightward drift of the middle classes, a general desertion to reaction.

The Mumfords, MacLeishes, Franks, et al, are by function as organically in the service of the ruling class as the bourgeois politicians who are similarly of middle-class origin. At their urging the area of intellectual freedom is being tremendously constricted. There are now virtually no liberal newspapers left; and the liberal columnist is almost extinct. The quality magazines have been purified of radicalism, as have book publishers' lists. All are being coordinated for the war drive. Even in their own "liberal" magazines, operating on subsidies, and safe from advertising pressures the once "liberal" intellectuals make slavering displays of devotion to the administration, using their former radical contacts for more accurate Red-baiting.

However, they are themselves only a faction of the middle class intelligentsia which has by no means surrendered, *en masse,* to reaction; and they speak for a smaller segment of the middle class than before. For, despite the most persistent efforts to disintegrate them by Red-baiting, white collar unions stay united and reject war; and cultural groups, such as the League of American Writers and the Artists Union, continue their progressive activities.

The effects of such a capitalist depression as that which began in 1929 and, to solve which, capitalism has prescribed fascism and war; the effects of the success of socialism in the Soviet Union; the effects of intensive and successful organization in the white collar fields, have not been carried away in the pockets of the absconding renegades. They did not have such goods to deliver to their masters. The tests of recent months reveal that considerable sections of the middle class remain conscious and loyal allies of the working class.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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Tom Paine Was an Alien, Too

The President once said, "We are all the children of immigrants and revolutionists." But FDR has changed. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn asks about the right of asylum.

THE President of the United States once proudly said: *"We are all the children of immigrants and revolutionists."* Not such a great discovery, as otherwise we'd be Indians! But FDR has changed. Gran'pa Flynn, the old rebel, in his grave in Pennacook, N. H., is "an alien and a Red." Dead or alive, it's unpopular to be either with official America today. Both are slated for concentration camps as soon as Congress passes the Hobbs bill. We live on a continent discovered by the Italian Columbus on a trip financed by a Spanish queen (though the Norse put in a claim and the Irish say their bold mariners crossed in St. Patrick's time). The word American is of foreign origin, from the Italian navigator *Amerigo Vespucci.* We should have a 100 percent native name such as "Tillicum" or "Skookum," from the Indians. Forced to register as "aliens" in Buffalo, N. Y., a tribe picketed with a sign, *"We didn't fingerprint the Pilgrim Fathers."*

The colonies were settled by English, Spanish, Dutch, Swedes, Germans, Scotch, Irish—and the African people, who were brought here by force and violence. Practically all were poor immigrants fleeing famine, war, poverty, tyranny, imprisonment for political and religious heresy. Eight signers of the Declaration of Independence were foreign born. Of the first nine Presidents of the US all but one were born British subjects. Foreign birth was acceptable in a new raw country. How else could it be peopled and built? The land speculators, shipping companies, and later the big industrialists stimulated immigration of cheap labor. America was the land of "Bread and Freedom," the "Promised Land"! In Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, I saw a poster from Montenegro, picturing textile workers pouring out of the mills with bags of gold under their arms, carrying them across the street to a bank (to send for all their poor relations, I suppose). Our ancestors poured into this country, a century-long stream of strong young bodies, willing hands, stout hearts, in search of a New World. It wasn't here for the finding, except in their imaginations. They had to hew it out of a wilderness—a saga of incredible labor. The privations and sacrifices, the lives spent and lost, of plain foreign people, is the story of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They dug mines, laid railroads, made steel, built bridges. Many couldn't read or write—like my grandmothers—but they wanted their children to learn. The women cooked, washed, scrubbed, had large families.

There was no social register on the *Mayflower.* Now the State Department hand-picks heroic anti-fascist refugees. "Intellectual superiority of education, culture, and character," is the test imposed on prisoners in concentration camps. What a shameful travesty on the great traditions of America—a haven for the oppressed, a political asylum. The Statue of Liberty symbolizes this. Titled, fascist-minded propagandists come safe, welcome, past her streaming lights, while red tape and arbitrary regulations condemn anti-fascists to death in European hell-holes. Time was when we were proud to give asylum to Garibaldi, Carl Schurz, O'Donovan Rossa, and countless others who fled from Italian civil wars, the iron heel of Bismarck, Irish famines, and the Russia of the cruel czars.

Our ancestors sought government of, for, and by the people; freedom of speech and conscience; the end of compulsory military service (and now their American grandsons are conscripted in peacetime!). They wanted accessible land, an opportunity to work; free education, citizenship, and suffrage. Nobody had prior rights, though some who came yesterday call those coming tomorrow "foreigners." If it had been as easy to obtain citizenship as to register as an "alien," 3,000,000 non-naturalized resident Americans would long ago have gladly become citizens. Political asylum should be given gladly to people who come here "illegally," to escape fascist oppression. To plan a wholesale deportation of these people is cruel and inhuman. We should receive them as honored guests like Lafayette, Pulaski, Kosciusko, and von Steuben. All our ancestors came in without passports. Then the employing class needed cheap labor. Now the objection is raised of our glutted labor market. It is a scathing commentary on the contradictions of capitalism that the only country in the world today affording safe haven against fascism to over 23,000,000 people and capable of assimilating them is the USSR.

Our immigrant ancestors, in debt and without earthly possessions, were herded, tagged, dumped into the foreign quarters of strange cities, where the old people were homesick unto death. This segregation aggravated the language handicap. All foreigners were "ignorant" who didn't rapidly master the difficult English language, which accidentally became "our mother tongue." Education separated native-born children from "greenhorn" parents. Few attempts were made to preserve the culture of the immigrants. "The melting pot" was to standardize speech, dress, music, dance, and food. The wisdom of preserving the beauty and variety of rich national backgrounds, while welding peoples together politically, is demonstrated only in the land of socialism, the USSR.

Clinton

Capitalism also fomented animosities among the immigrants, pitting them against each other, fostering religious differences. Experiences in mass production industry and common struggles, especially in strikes of the past fifty years, burst many ancient barriers. *"Another hunky"* killed in industry or on the picket line was any one of thirty-odd nationalities, making up "a modern Babel," as W. Z. Foster called it in the great steel strike. In Lawrence there were twenty-five nationalities speaking forty-five dialects. Ancient foes—English and Irish, French and Germans, Turks and Greeks, Italians and Americans, stood shoulder to shoulder. *"Organize not like this!"* thundered Big Bill Haywood, holding up an outstretched hand, fingers apart, *"But like this! One Big Union!"* shaking his tightly clenched fist, while they roared their approval. Many trained in the old-country labor movement became brave, resourceful leaders. A reservoir of solidarity and militancy was tapped for the American labor movement when the immigrant people began to make their Dream Come True—to make America fit to live in!

Louis Tikas, the Greek organizer, was killed in Colorado; Rami, the Syrian boy in Lawrence, stabbed to death by a soldier's bayonet; Anna La Pizza, shot by a policeman's gun; Madonna and Modestina in Paterson, Italian workers killed on the picket line; the Irish Molly Maguires, the German Chicago anarchists, the Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti—what a long list it will be—the martyred International Brigade of the American labor struggles.

"Foreign names" are everywhere in America today—in sports, academic circles, arts, in the labor world, even in Congress. Why not? *They are America.* Out of the nightmare of poverty and exploitation capitalism made for foreign-born Americans, their children, homogeneous, articulate, organized, are overcoming the handicaps of their fathers and themselves, are moving forward to the American Dream —a socialist America.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

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Forgotten Ideas, Forgotten People

"The dream of any nation is the quality of its ideas and its men." Dr. Max Yergan examines the archives of American life.

THERE is an American dream. Some people think of it as a form of national attainment to be reached at a future date. Others regard it as the high and tested thought of the American people expressed through the years in their effort and achievement. The dream for some may be the democracy toward which we are striving; for others it may be the desire to realize social guarantees already provided in legal forms.

In my opinion the American dream is a combination of the retrospective and the prophetic views of American life. One can contemplate and struggle for new ideas and rules of control in America because one has knowledge of the nature and value of these as they exist today. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Bill of Rights, because of their very basic values and the timelessness of their effect, presage change, foretell and demand new circumstances and relations in our land.

In the same way, the very spirit and method of mighty movements in American history contribute to the content and nature of the American dream. The significance of the action of the colonists in 1776, of the efforts of Negro slaves to free themselves, and of the extended progressive labor movement of the present day becomes clear. No section of the American people is content to remain forgotten. The spirit of the country cries out against the neglect of ideas of human growth. Forgotten men will help revive forgotten ideas and the dream will become reality.

Where Planes Accumulate and Men Decay — *Maurice Becker*

The dream of any nation is the quality of its ideas and its men. Consider modern France. The treachery and venality of French fascists and the booted soldiery of Hitler have not served to quench the spirit of the French revolution or to erase the memory of Zola. The common man in France breathes defiance toward both French and German jailers of his national heritage.

The real people of France, as of Spain, China, and Mexico, will reach great national goals. They will achieve them because Barbusse, La Pasionaria, Emiliano Zapata, and Sun Yat-sen will never die. They will achieve them because liberty, humanity, equality, the overthrow of modern feudalism, the demand for land and liberty are ideas which have taken on the breath of life and inspire men in their darkest moments.

Noble ideas and the will of men to struggle for their realization are living truths. It is because of this immortal fact that we can make constructive use of this reference to the forgotten ideas and forgotten men of our country.

In the archives of our national life some of the most vital ideas of American history are restlessly tucked away. Their custodians are the enemies of American social progress. Every device of suppression and of interpretation has been used to conceal or distort the original, simple, and sublime meaning of these ideas. Let us break through the guard, remove the dust of time, and refresh our memories.

The Declaration of Independence reads, in part, as follows:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles

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and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

The Constitution of the United States, adopted in 1789, was given further protective strength by the addition of the Bill of Rights in 1791. Attention is specifically called to two more Amendments to the Constitution enacted in 1868 and 1870.

Section One of the Fourteenth Amendment reads as follows:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

The Fifteenth Amendment is as follows:

Section 1. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race color, or previous condition of servitude.

Section 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

One could quote at length from the accumulated record to show the extent of forgotten ideas in American life. Only a few of our politicians and statesmen make these their concern and objective. Seldom in Congress, hardly ever in our state legislatures and, usually, only demagogically in most of the press is there an insistence that these highest expressions of American ideas be implemented. It would be rank legislative heresy for members of the United States Congress, save a few, to call serious attention to the flagrant and nationwide violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and the almost total disregard throughout the southern states of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Our great country is today disgraced because there is, apparently, no desire or will on the part of those responsible for upholding the Constitution and enforcing law to give effect to two of the most basic provisions in the Constitution. These are the rights of full citizenship and the right to vote for all guaranteed these rights by the Constitution. The voices of Jefferson, Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, and Frederick Douglass, once so acceptably raised for Americans, demand that their ideas and principles, now vitiated and forgotten, become again a power in our land.

The suppression of ideas has but one purpose, the suppression and oppression of persons. Forgotten ideas mean, with unfailing certainty, forgotten people. The Declaration of Independence, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and guarantees in the Bill of Rights are distorted or ignored for the one purpose of oppressing men, women, and children in America. The evidence is not far to seek.

First, with the exception of those areas where enlightened organized labor policy obtains, nowhere in America can Negroes, who form one-tenth of our total population, enter normally into the existing employment. This is a violation of the basic right of man to work. It undermines the essential economic security of the Negro people and makes them a prey to all the vicious forces of exploitation within our land.

Fred Ellis

Secondly, with regard to the right to vote. There are nearly 4,000,000 Negroes and probably 6,000,000 whites in the South alone who are shamelessly denied that right. Some congressmen from those states openly boast of their ability to perpetrate this violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Indeed, most southern members of the House and the Senate hold their seats because the bulk of the Negro and white population of the South is effectively disfranchised. Nothing from the supreme branches of government is done to correct this abuse. Meanwhile the people suffer, as they inevitably must, under a political oligarchy.

Thirdly, with regard to the constitutional guarantee of "privileges and immunities." The oppressed Negro people are Jim Crowed in all vital respects in the South, are segregated and discriminated against in most parts of the North, and are generally denied the full benefit of the social institutions of our country. The national administration, in its present "defense program," is notorious for its denial of jobs and for its Jim Crow practices with regard to Negroes.

This one-tenth of our population, along with oppressed whites, are the forgotten men of our country. For them, too, the American dream exists. But that dream, in terms of equality of economic opportunity, equality in the exercise of political rights, and equality in the enjoyment of our social institutions, is one still to be made reality. It will be made a reality. It will be made a reality because the forgotten millions in America will unitedly revive and extend forgotten ideas and upon them build the truly democratic America.

MAX YERGAN.

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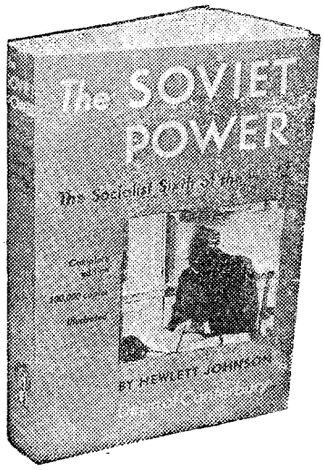

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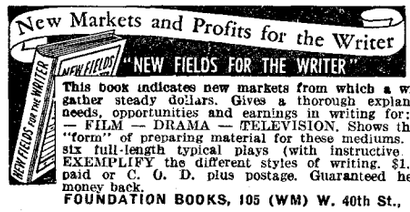

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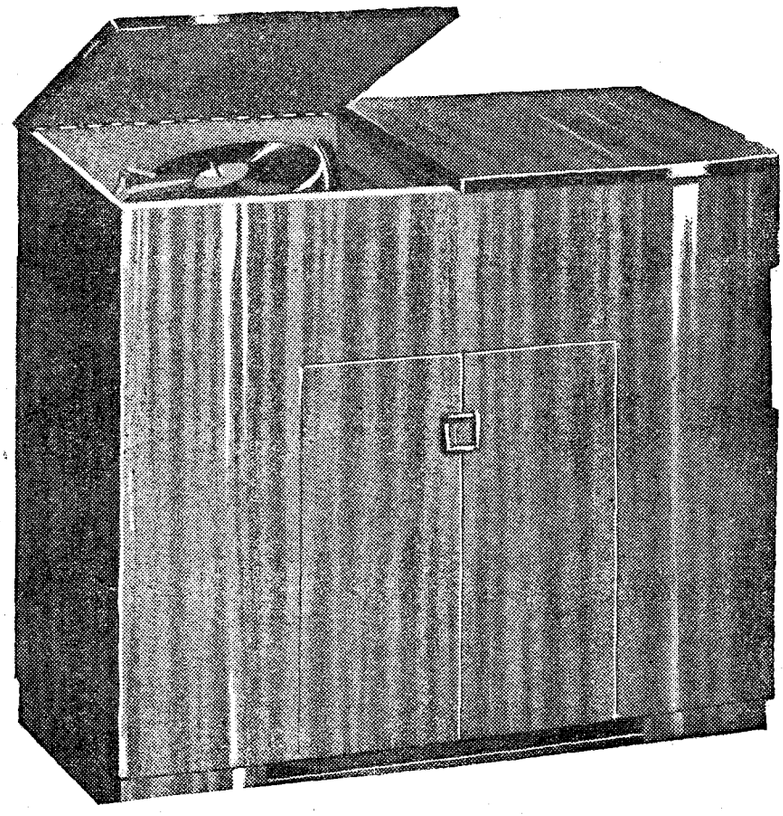

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on the
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February, 1941

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Lieutenants of the Empire

The distinguished Communist MP, William Gallacher, probes the role of Messrs. Laski and Bevin. "For them history has no lesson." Social Democrats and bourbon politicians.

London.

WARMEST birthday greetings to NEW MASSES with a hearty handshake for all the valiant people who, through its thirty years' battle, have made it such a powerful force in progressive politics. May its power increase with every day that passes so that in the twilight of decaying capitalism its penetrating light will show forth the road to the new world—the world of socialism, peace, and international brotherhood.

Over here we are feeling the full blast of war. The imperialists in the desperate dilemma into which their anti-Soviet conspiracy has landed them hurl defiance at the monopoly capitalists of Germany and cringingly beseech the dollar imperialists to take Britain into pawn. This means for the workers, not only the "blood and tears" promised by Churchill, but perpetual slavery both to their own financial over-lords and to the still mightier financial over-lords of America.

Yet with all this staring them in the face the Social Democrats (Labor Party and trade union leaders) run true to type. For them history has no lessons. As their colleagues in other lands groveled, so they grovel. For the imperialists it is necessary that all independent expression or action on the part of the working class be suppressed. Hitler they would gladly see strung up by the neck because they consider that he "double-crossed" them. He refused to make war on the Soviet Union. So they have no time for Hitler, but "Hitlerism"—well, that's a different matter. That means the destruction of working-class organizations, which above all things is what the imperialists desire. And it is to this job the Social Democrats have set their hand. The most outrageous slanders are made against the Communists. They are painted blacker than a devil out of hell. Where a strike or the threat of a strike takes place, where a movement against the war or against the capitalist class manifests itself, the cry goes up: "The Communists are responsible; they are the sinister influence behind it."

Along with this campaign against the Communists there is the promise of happy days to come (pie in the sky) if only the workers will submit, body and soul, to the demands of their imperialist masters, with dire threats of what will happen if they become troublesome.

Harold Laski, one of labor's "left" intellectuals, has outdone most of the others in his cheap, unprincipled demagogy. He stands forth as the champion of revolution. Yes, sir, he wants revolution and he wants it to start now. Well, at any rate, he wants a little bit of it to start now. It is to be a revolution with the "consent" of the ruling class, and Mr. Churchill is the man who has to lead it. It is almost incredible that men who make a claim to being "socialists" could put across such stuff. Yet it is exactly what their Social-Democratic colleagues did in Germany and what the Mensheviks labored to do in Russia. As a matter of fact, if you take up the first volume of *The Civil War in the Soviet Union,* you get the feeling that you're not reading history, but that you're actually reading about current events. Take this, for instance, from page 266:

> In May, when reelections to the district Dumas were in full swing and the Social Revolutionaries and Mensheviks were carrying on vociferous agitation, promising the proletariat food and houses, Lenin wrote an article entitled "Forgetting the Main Thing," in which he reviewed the struggle for a proletarian militia and said:
>
> "Once we forget the crude and cruel conditions of capitalist domination, all such platforms, all such lists of high-sounding reforms, are nothing but empty words which, in practice, turn out to be either the most 'pious wishes' or simple deception of the masses by ten-a-penny bourgeois politicians."

These "ten-a-penny" Laskis have consciously "forgotten the main thing" and deliberately try to deceive the masses. But a more dangerous demagogue than Laski is Ernest Bevin, MP, Minister of Labor and member of the war cabinet. He also promotes "lists of high-sounding reforms" to be realized in the distant future. But with all the coercive power of the capitalist state behind him, he threatens to introduce "Nazi methods" if the workers don't "voluntarily" agree to whatever conditions he, on behalf of the tory imperialist government, may care to impose upon them.

Mr. Bevin during the last war was a "bit of a Left" and was not averse, on occasions, to talk about and advocate revolution. He actually participated in the Workers and Soldiers Convention which was held in 1917, and shocked the petty-bourgeois soul of the late Ramsay MacDonald by the violence of his language.

Self-Portrait *Kaethe Kollwitz*

But at that time he wasn't a very important trade union official. Since 1918, however, there has been an extraordinary development of road transport, and the more important road transport became, the more important became Mr. Bevin. Road transport made Mr. Bevin, but to hear him talk you would think Mr. Bevin had made road transport. He became the "Big Boss" of the trade union movement and, as such, was invaluable to the capitalist class. Now they have brought him into the government as one of their last reserves. He is doing his best to give them service. But he is having difficulty with the shop stewards. While the trade union executives are prepared to agree to anything that may be put before them, the shop stewards are determined to protect the wages and working conditions in the factories. This has led to quite a number of strikes in different parts of the country, despite the fact that one of Bevin's first acts as Minister of Labor was to pass a regulation prohibiting strikes.

Just recently Mr. Bevin visited Scotland and addressed large delegate meetings of trade unionists in Edinburgh and Glasgow. In Edinburgh he got a very cold reception and was frequently interrupted during his speech. But in Glasgow he had to stop a few minutes after he had begun. The police were brought in and a number of delegates were thrown out before he could continue. His speech was a mixture of promises and threats—promises for the future, threats for the present.

On page 376 of the *Civil War* we read how the Socialist-Revolutionary, Yakhtamyshev, Minister of Transport in the Kerensky government, was sent on July 16 to the First Railway Congress, in order to stop the workers' organizations from interfering in the affairs of the railways. This is what he had to say:

"What happiness the British worker must experience. I visited workers' homes; they have three rooms, a kitchen, a piano. . . . The time is not far off when the Russian worker, like the British worker, will come home to a bright and tastefully furnished apartment of three or four rooms and will hear an excellent dramatic concert; his daughter will play the piano, his son the fiddle."

That for the future, but for the present this: "The administration and executive authority on the railways belongs to the organs of government. No interference with the orders of those organs can be tolerated."

But S. G. Yakhtamyshev failed to subdue the railwaymen. Bevin will also fail to subdue the shop stewards and the British working class.

WILLIAM GALLACHER.

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The Crucible of Democracy

The meaning for our own day of Jefferson's fight for the national, social, and international principles of 1776. A. B. Magil discusses the origins of our heritage.

THE future of American democracy pervades the thought and action of all of us who live in the present. Our way of life not only today but tomorrow—this underlies every controversy over foreign or domestic policy, every conflict between capital and labor. There are those who urge that democracy in order to survive must first devour itself. In the sowing of death in foreign lands they see the rejuvenation of the democratic ideal in our own; and in the advance of private monopoly they discover the promotion of the general welfare. This is a strange conception of democracy. And it must bear even stranger fruit. Is this the shape of things to come, the goal toward which the events begun in 1776 are ineluctably moving?

The American Revolution had a threefold character. It was a *national* revolution of the American people for independence from oppressive foreign rule. It was a *social* revolution, not against feudalism, as was the case in Europe, since feudalism was virtually nonexistent here, but against the domination of an alien competing merchant capitalist class which bottled up the development of American capitalism and imposed economic burdens on the majority of the population. It was part of an *international* revolution of the rising bourgeoisie, drawing strength from similar movements in other countries and in turn giving them strength. It is these three elements in our revolution, fused into an organic whole, that created American democracy and the American democratic tradition. It is in the fulfillment of these three principles that we must seek today the fulfillment of our democracy—of the American dream.

The democracy established by our first revolution was bourgeois democracy, based on the economic and political dominance of the merchant capitalist class. The changes that have occurred since then have not altered the fundamental class character of this democracy. The first period of its development extended from the revolution to the end of Van Buren's administration in 1841. In this period democracy expanded in the struggle for power between the little capitalists, the farmers, small tradesmen and artisans, aided at times by a section of the slave-owning southern planters, and the big capitalists, the well-to-do merchants, speculators, and financiers. The workers, developing slowly as a separate class, also gave their support to this coalition without being able as yet to play an independent role. This was the epoch of free competition when capitalism, calling on that sorcerer's apprentice, steam power, unchained the productive forces, thereby contributing enormously to the progress of mankind. The two great names that symbolize the democratic struggle of this period are Jefferson and Jackson.

At the end of the War for Independence governmental power was in the hands not of those who had made the revolution, but of the wealthy merchants of the North and the planters of the South. Because of the absence of feudalism the social aims of these classes were extremely limited. They confined themselves to eliminating British restrictions on their own business activities and to eradicating such feudal stigmata as had been implanted in this country: they confiscated and divided up landed estates belonging to Tories, abolished entail and primogeniture which tended to perpetuate land monopoly, and broke the last thin bonds between the church and the state. On the poor they placed the principal burden of paying for the war and set about creating a democracy of, by and for the rich. But the common people, who had been told that "all men are created equal," sought fulfillment of the great promise of the Declaration of Independence: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The class struggle, which had been held in leash by the necessities of a united war for independence, burst forth with unexpected fury in Shays' rebellion in 1786-87. Though the rebellion was crushed, Daniel Shays' banner became the banner of that popular democracy which under Jefferson forced through the Bill of Rights and eventually triumphed.

Shays' rebellion marks the opening of the second phase of the revolution, the transition from the *bourgeois* to the *bourgeois democratic* revolution. While in the first period the petty-bourgeois masses fought against the common enemy, Britain, under the leadership of the big bourgeoisie, with the result that the latter were placed in power, in the second phase, these masses acted against the new enemy, the native ruling class, in behalf of their own social and political demands. This is analogous in many respects to that stage of the French Revolution which began Aug. 10, 1792, during which the monarchy was destroyed and the representatives of the rural and urban petty bourgeoisie, the Jacobins, wrested power from the political leaders of the commercial and industrial bourgeoisie, the Girondists. That the democratic transformation in this country was comparatively bloodless (though here too there were two armed rebellions and the threat of several others) was due to the absence of feudal oppression, the lower development of capitalism and more fluid class structure, the relative weakness of the state power and the absence of a military bureaucracy. The foremost leader of this democratic movement was Thomas Jefferson. It was Jefferson—who wrote of Shays' uprising: "God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion"—who organized the struggle to preserve and extend the national, social and international principles of the American Revolution.

It is customary for liberal historians to describe Jefferson as the spokesman for the agrarian interests against the capitalist interests—sometimes to picture him even as one who sought vainly to impede capitalist development. With all due respect to Prof. Charles A. Beard, whose *Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy* is a major contribution to the understanding of that period, this conception seems to me a half-truth which misses the heart of Jeffersonian democracy because it omits the dialectics of history. We must distinguish between the world a man makes with his mind and the world he makes with the life that he lives. To convert Jefferson's theory into the measure of his practice, or to separate that practice from its social-political context is to stultify history. Jefferson himself said: "What is practicable must often control what is pure theory." It is one of the secrets of his greatness—and he is certainly among the titans of bourgeois democracy and culture—that he profoundly sensed the needs of the democratic masses of his age and strove to satisfy them in ways that were neither academic nor utopian, but entirely realistic.

What of Jefferson's theory? He realized that the development of capitalism, concentrating wealth and power in the hands of a few, would undermine democracy and erect a new despotism. He therefore sought an economic foundation for American democracy through a society of small, independent agricultural producers who would depend on Europe for their manufactured goods. It is significant that Jefferson's social theories were similar to those of the Jacobin Saint-Just.

Jefferson understood the evil, but proposed the wrong solution. What is pertinent about his social theory, however, was not its solution, but its direction: *it was based on the most numerous economic class of that time and expressed the social aspirations of the overwhelming majority of the people of post-revolutionary America.* Here was the sound, practical, democratic core of all his dreaming. And Jefferson's whole activity as leader of the Anti-Federalist Party and as President of the United States had the effect not of driving history backward, but of creating those demo-

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cratic values that were in accord with both the forward movement of history and the needs of the people. What Jefferson's social theory expressed in utopian petty-bourgeois terms was the American dream of a *classless society*. The task of today is to articulate this dream in scientific terms, that is, in terms of the most constructive class forces of our own age, the proletariat and its allies. Jeffersonian democracy in the twentieth century must inevitably speak the language of socialism.

Behind Jefferson stood not only the farmers and a section of the southern planters, but the little people of the cities as well. One of the strongholds of Anti-Federalist Republicanism was, curiously enough, the Tammany Society of New York. Jefferson himself, in a letter to Madison on May 12, 1793, described the political alignments in the country as follows:

> The line is now drawn so clearly as to show on one side: (1) The fashionable circles of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Charleston (natural aristocrats). (2) Merchants trading on British capitals. (3) Paper men [holders of government securities]. (All the old tories are found in some one of these three descriptions). On the other side are: (1) Merchants trading on their own capitals. (2) Irish merchants. (3) Tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, and every other possible description of our citizens.

In addition, Jefferson had the support of a considerable number of the southern planters whose economic interests conflicted at certain points with those of the merchant capitalists who dominated the administrations of George Washington and John Adams.

Jefferson's reference to "merchants trading on British capitals" and to "the old tories"—that is, the loyalists who had supported Britain during the Revolution—underscores another major aspect of his role: his fight to prevent the betrayal of the national independence of the United States. Even liberal historians have failed to grasp the full implications of this phase of his work. It transcends the question of Burr's treason, in which the Federalists were implicated, or the secessionist plottings in New England. More fundamental than these is the fact that *the whole domestic and foreign policy of the Federalists tended to perpetuate the status of colonial dependence on Britain*. The commercial bourgeoisie, whose ablest and most brilliant representative was Alexander Hamilton, operated very largely with English capital and credit. They sought to preserve this profitable relationship at the cost of the real independence of the country. This policy achieved its clearest expression in the Jay Treaty of 1794, which Claude G. Bowers in his book, *Jefferson and Hamilton,* calls "the most humiliating treaty to which an American has ever put his signature." This treaty, which created a storm when its terms became known, gave important trade concessions to British merchants, ignored American grievances, and virtually forced the United States into an alliance with England against revolutionary France despite our treaty obligations to the latter. Two years later the Federalists sought to crown their betrayal by fomenting war against France. It was the rising tide of this pro-British war fever that carried through Congress John Adams' Alien and Sedition Laws—an ominous precedent for today.

Subway Shelter — *Nahum Tschacbasov*

When Jefferson was elected President on the crest of the revolt against these laws, he at once sought to redirect national policy, both domestic and foreign, in order to further democracy and strengthen the independence of the United States. He who had opposed expansion of the federal power when it had been used in the interests of wealth and privilege did not hesitate himself to expand it in the interests of the people. The purchase of Louisiana, bitterly opposed by the Federalists, fortified American independence both by averting the danger of American soil becoming involved in the war between Napoleon and Britain and by throwing open a huge territory for the advance of native capitalism. In foreign policy Jefferson, refusing to choose between the two evils represented by Napoleon and Britain, chose rather what was for the good of America: strict neutrality and defense of American rights against both warring powers.

For this the Federalists branded him an agent of Napoleon—just as more than a century and a quarter later Americans who refused to take sides in another reactionary European war were to be accused of being agents of Hitler. In their subservience to Britain and their concern for nothing but the interests of the moneyed caste, the Federalists did not balk even at treason. There were probably more traitors in influential positions in the United States during the first decade and a half of the nineteenth century than were uncovered in the USSR in all three of the recent Moscow trials. Aaron Burr was only the most spectacular of them. Secessionist conspiracies were rife among the New England Federalists from 1803 till the close of the war against England, reaching their peak in the Hartford convention in 1814. The Federalist attitude was expressed by Timothy Pickering, their leader in the Senate, when he wrote George Henry Rose, British agent with whom he had entered into secret negotiations, that "our best citizens consider the interests of the United States to be interwoven with those of Great Britain and that our safety depends on her." One hundred and thirty-three years later the spirit of Timothy Pickering seems to be very much alive in certain quarters.

The Federalist policy of favoring the merchant capitalists served to keep the country economically dependent on England in still another way: it discouraged the development of American industry. In this respect, too, John Adams' successor introduced a change. It was the "agrarian," Jefferson, who, over the opposition of the Federalists, stimulated native manufacturing and helped open the way for the emergence of industrial capitalism. President Roosevelt, in his message on Sept. 22, 1939, urging the repeal of the arms embargo, referred to "the disastrous interlude of the Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts" of Jefferson's administration. These acts were in truth a disastrous interlude—for the wealthy merchants, speculators, and their Federalist hangers-on. But for American industry they were a boon and for the majority of the

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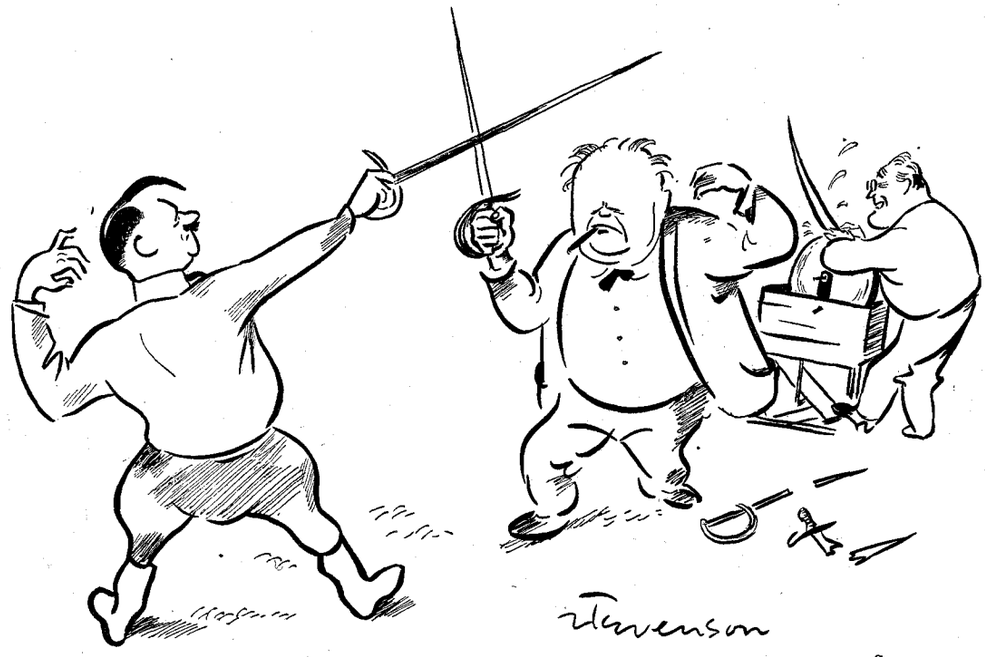
people, whose interests in that period were bound up with the development of industrial capitalism. Wrote the great realist, Jefferson, in a letter to Lafayette: "Our Embargo has produced one very happy permanent effect. It has set us all on domestic manufactures, and will, I verily believe, reduce our future demands on England fully one half." This embargo, passed in retaliation for the British Orders in Council, which practically outlawed American commerce from the seas, also prepared the way for completing the struggle for independence in the War of 1812. By repudiating Jefferson's embargo President Roosevelt repudiated what is best in the American tradition and made common cause with the enemies of democracy then and now.

It should be noted that the whole struggle between Federalists and Anti-Federalists was not over whether America was to take the path of capitalist development, but over the social and political character of that development. The issue was whether all the wealth and political power of the nation were to be concentrated in the hands of an oligarchy of merchants, bondholders, and land speculators, or whether capitalism was to move forward on the basis of wide dissemination of property ownership and democratic rights. (Incidentally, Jefferson, though himself an owner of slaves, favored the abolition of slavery.) It was thanks to the movement which Jefferson led that this country was saved from a bourgeois despotism after the pattern of the Bonaparte dictatorship.

Jefferson's nationalism was an integral part of his internationalism. He was a great fighter for American democracy because he supported the battle for democracy in all countries. In this too he was faithful to the spirit of 1776. Even before the outbreak of the war for independence the Second Continental Congress had sent an address to the Irish people condemning their oppression by Britain and offering asylum to Irish political refugees. The Anti-Federalists under Jefferson fought to prevent the betrayal of this principle of fraternal solidarity with all peoples struggling against tyranny. President Roosevelt, in his Jackson Day address on Jan. 8, 1940, for the first time since he took office embraced the leader of reaction, Alexander Hamilton, and while also including Thomas Jefferson in the exalted company of his heroes, criticized the latter because "in the light of later knowledge the theories of the French revolutionists at times overexcited his practical judgment." The direct contrary is true. In the controversy over the Constitution Jefferson, who was away in France at the time, had shown some confusion concerning the real issue, though he urged the inclusion of a bill of rights. Later, in the stormy debate over Hamilton's plan for the assumption by the federal government of the public debt (a plan for enriching the rich and impoverishing the poor), Jefferson, while critical of Hamilton's proposals, was disposed to conciliate him. It was the French Revolution that dispelled the mists, that gave to Jefferson's practical judgment clarity and



Stevenson

strength, and inspired the common people of America to take up the fight against the Hamiltonian despotism.

It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which events in Europe directly influenced domestic issues during the early years of our republic. Contrary to the official historians, neither the Federalists nor the Anti-Federalists were isolationists. The orientation of the former was, as we have seen, toward reactionary Britain, of the latter toward revolutionary France. This division corresponded to the class cleavage described by Jefferson in the letter to Madison quoted above. Though Tom Paine had sent the key of the fallen Bastille to Washington and written: "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted," many of the self-designated custodians of those principles regarded even the first faltering steps of the French Revolution with suspicion and hostility. Edmund Burke's attack on the Revolution, published in England only a few months after the storming of the Bastille, had become practically an official Federalist manifesto. It was the appearance in this country in 1792 of Paine's magnificent reply to Burke, *The Rights of Man,* published with an approving letter by Jefferson and reprinted serially in many newspapers, that brought to a head the struggle between the hosts of Hamilton and of Jefferson. And as the French Revolution advanced, there was an electric response in this country. "One prolonged, triumphant shout went up from the masses," writes Bowers in *Jefferson and Hamilton.* "The 'people of no particular importance' somehow felt that the victory was theirs. They had been a little indifferent, these men of the shops, taverns, wharves, and the frontier, over the disputed financial and economic policies of their country, but they could understand the meaning of 'liberty, equality, fraternity.' It meant democracy." "Tammany was the very heart of the French movement in New York," Bowers tells us. And in all parts of the country there sprang up Democratic Clubs, similar to the popular societies of Paris, which became the foundation of Jefferson's movement and of his future Republican Party. Thus the French Revolution had the effect of *bringing the broad masses into active struggle to fulfill the promise of American democracy.*

The special historical conditions which caused bourgeois democracy in this country to develop in relatively peaceful fashion made it difficult for Jefferson to accept the hard necessities of the French Revolution when it entered its Jacobin phase. But though in letters to friends he at times wrote bitterly of Robespierre, he refused to join the enemies of the Revolution. "My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause," he wrote in a letter in 1793, "but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated; were there but an Adam and Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is." And in 1823, only three years before his death, in a letter to his old adversary, John Adams, he expressed his faith that the democratic revolution would, despite setbacks, ultimately triumph everywhere.

Patriot, social revolutionist, internationalist —all were united in the towering genius of Jefferson. Within the limitations of his class and time he gave new dimensions to democracy and to the common man a new sense of dignity and strength. The popular democracy that came to power with Jefferson continued to march forward, save for the four-year relapse under John Quincy Adams, breaking into new frontiers under a man sprung from the people, Andrew Jackson. But a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was already rising over the horizon—the slavery issue.

A. B. MAGIL.

In a forthcoming issue Mr. Magil will discuss the further development of the democratic struggle and the conflict over slavery.

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Labor's Search for Plenty

A decade of heroic trade-union struggle against monopoly and craftbound, timid leadership. New techniques to meet the industrial Goliaths. The great test ahead.

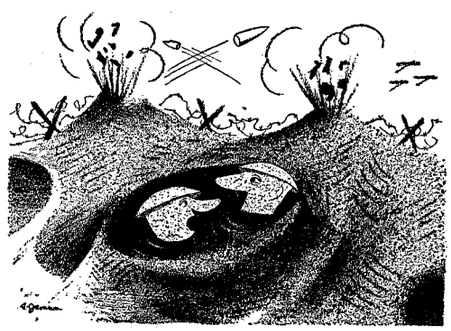
For twenty years the United States rested between wars. It emerged from the first catastrophe flushed with imperialist strength: the breathing spell offered opportunity to prepare for the future showdown in which the rulers of America hoped to secure for themselves the sovereign guardianship of the world. In the beginning, the Great Boom of the twenties persuaded many to accept briefly the myth that this country had finally achieved the liberty and abundance of the American Dream; but in the succeeding disillusionment, the myth gave way to bitter hopelessness followed by a blustering pretense that somehow everything would turn out for the best. Hastily the Dream was redefined to glorify deprivation and misery. And still the rationalizations indulged in by the arbiters of American opinion failed to persuade the people to repudiate their birthright even though its promise went unfulfilled. The determination of the majority to win their rightful inheritance lived on; it was most forcibly expressed in the struggles of the working class.

These struggles were to be momentous. But as the people moved forward, the strength of their class adversaries also augmented: the forces of ownership, which had dragged the country into industrial and agrarian crisis, now sought to resolve the tragic tensions of a moribund social system by means of political terrorism and war. For their part, the workers and those among the farmers and weary middle classes who took leadership from the workers, fought to retain victories already wrested from their opponents, demanding in addition broader gains that would assure them a democratic, peaceful life.

At its outset, the post-war epoch was not propitious for labor. Though the official labor movement seemed outwardly strong in 1920, it suffered from leadership at once craft-bound and timid. When industry, backed by the national and state governments, launched its counter-offensive in 1919, the titular heads of labor capitulated without protest. That year they abandoned the steel workers; they betrayed the railroad strikers in 1922; they retreated before the coal operators in 1924 onward. The American Federation of Labor was paralyzed, no longer offering the slightest protection against the open-shoppers. Concessions won in the past by the most appalling sacrifices were relinquished by subservient labor lieutenants anxious to prove that they were above all not "trouble makers." Only a small class-conscious nucleus in the key industries of mining, steel, textile, and marine resisted. And these militants, for the most part members of the Trade Union Unity League led by William Z. Foster, were hunted down by Federation chieftains with an avidity not surpassed by the most anti-labor employers.

The twenties was an arid time, when a fog of cynicism and casuistry blotted out all meaningful horizons. Not until capitalism had been revealed in all its impotence, not until American economy had plunged into the abyss of crisis after 1929, did the people stir. Haltingly, tentatively, they reasserted their will for a better world. The working class, like a drugged giant slowly regaining consciousness, began to grope for unity beyond the nightmare of degradation. Within four years, labor had sufficiently revived to force concessions from the incoming New Deal government. The young administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, with graceful hypocrisy, seemed late in 1933 to encourage organization and collective bargaining. Glib though the promises were, workers took them to heart; and they acted to give content to fine words. What were considered by the government easy and calculatedly empty gestures that would placate a working class growing ever more restive, suddenly appeared in the light of labor action, rash and over-generous. The government, once it discovered that its commitments were taken seriously, immediately reneged and rushed posthaste to the rescue of the great industrialists and financiers. But labor fought on. Through legalistic subterfuges, the statutes were hastily purged of embarrassing admissions of workers' rights. Still the attack continued. By 1937, the citadels of the open shop—steel, automobile, rubber, electrical manufacturing, marine, glass—inviolate during the twenties, fell before the onslaught.

The advance was unprecedented. Its success had been the result of new organizational forms, the outgrowth of the needs of workers in a highly industrialized and centralized productive system. And with the victory of industrial unionism, the former outworn patterns superimposed on the American labor movement by a defeatist leadership were smashed. Gone in large part was the preeminent position of Gompersism, the philosophy of propitiating the captains of monopoly by submitting to their commands. The Committee for Industrial Organization, born of working-class necessity, freed labor from the confusion and disunity of craft unionism. Industrial organization alone provided means powerful enough to force the great corporations to recognize their employees' demands.



"Aw, let's go home" — *Jamison*

Heroic struggles accompanied the organizational drive of the middle thirties. The West Coast maritime strike of 1934 with the culminating general strike in San Francisco, the abortive textile walkout on the eastern seaboard of the same year, the first CIO action of 1936 in the rubber shops of Akron, the march of steel organizers into the "Little Siberias" of western Pennsylvania, the dramatic campaign against General Motors early in 1937—these landmarks and more are part of labor's proud pageant of sacrifice and courage. And as workers pressed forward, new forms of action evolved, forms particularly suited to the complex task of shutting down the vast plants. The sit-down strike—answer to brutal attacks on exposed picket lines—first appeared in the rubber mills of Akron, spontaneously conceived from the hazy recollections of workers' legend. The new strategy underwent continuous improvement, until the sit-down emerged in its perfected form, with carefully arranged communications, supporting picket lines, functioning commissaries, entertainment, sanitation. The flying picket squad was the response to the demand for greater mobility; the sound truck played an increasingly important role in keeping strikers and the community informed and united; picketing by telephone enabled a union to attack even the well-insulated offices hidden away in skyscraper buildings.

Labor showed ingenuity and resourcefulness: it sought and found ways to meet the Goliaths of modern industry on equal terms. Even the employers' considerable advantage of controlling the business press was somewhat overcome as unions developed their own newspapers, and labor journalism began to leave behind the days when a handful of inksmudged, poorly written papers gave irregular and doubtful encouragement to the unions. In their place almost every large union and many locals issued papers that were increasingly timely and well-printed. Now the CIO supplied its members with economic analyses, with attractive pamphlets and leaflets. Now unions pushed ahead with hospital plans, medical services, educational programs, sports and cultural activities, and many provided legal departments to serve the membership. Organizers were carefully trained and selected for ability and resourcefulness. The unions increasingly took upon their shoulders the problems of the unemployed, securing relief for

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them and protecting their wage levels on relief.

American labor was growing up; in the new unions, the rank and file could no longer be pushed around or treated as though they were merely a reservoir for dues. The AFL also grew in numbers as a result of the CIO's energetic organizing example. And while the AFL executive council still conducted its affairs as though the unions were its personal property, the Federation's affiliates were more and more affected by the example of democracy within the CIO.

With the rise of organization in the mass production industries, John L. Lewis stepped forward as the great figure of labor's renaissance. True, the president of the United Mine Workers who became the first president of the permanent Congress of Industrial Organizations, learned slowly. But having witnessed the failure of Gompersism, he broke with the past. The campaign he headed required more than repudiation of former tactics; it demanded the ability to grow as the unions pushed ahead, to anticipate and to expand as labor took its rightful place in the American scene. That was John L. Lewis' genius—to widen his outlook as labor's perspective broadened. That was his strength—to respond to the needs of working men, to be guided by them.

But Lewis only epitomized the new type of leadership. In contrast to the old-line hacks, scores of young, vigorous CIO spokesmen, fresh from factories and work benches, with daring, education, initiative, and integrity, headed the militant and growing unions. They were largely responsible for breaking the labor movement away from the snobbish exclusiveness of the Gompers tradition, for organizing successfully among white-collar workers, for drawing in newspaper and office employees, for recruiting in such widely divergent fields as agriculture and government service, for making inroads among highly skilled technicians and professionals. At long last, Negroes and the foreign born were recruited on a basis of equality, and women were welcomed as eagerly as men. The curbing of persecution because of color, sex, race, or political opinion meant that democracy actually began at home in the unions themselves. Millions of new workers were for the first time eligible to participate equally and to their mutual advantage in working-class organizations on which the very existence of democracy depended.

But nothing more clearly indicated the growing maturity of American labor than its rapid politicalization. On this question, the Communist Party profoundly affected the union movement. While the Communists had kept alive the desire for industrial organization during the discouraging years of the Coolidge Boom, while they had initiated the organization of the unemployed and had supported and rendered strategic aid in the building of CIO unions and in the winning of strikes, while in every activity of labor the Communists had worked devotedly and effectively, their most telling contribution had been their advocacy of labor's independent political action. As far back as 1923, and from that time forward, the Communist Party had pointed to the importance of workers developing an independent position in politics; with the progress of unionism in 1934 and thereafter, the Communists more strongly than ever pressed for the formation of a political party to express the desires of the people. They repeatedly gave the most consistent, patient guidance in the struggle for progressive legislation, in bringing to the working class an understanding of the fascist threat, in mustering support of the battle of Spanish democracy, in exposing the policy of appeasement, in explaining collective defense of peace and the socialist foreign policy of the Soviet Union, and in rallying resistance to those who would traduce America into imperialist war. The Communists' emphasis on a political outlook undoubtedly prepared for and stimulated Labor's Non-Partisan League, the American Labor Party in New York, the intense interest shown by the unions in elections from 1936 on. Moreover, experience showed that the Communists were right in insisting that labor could not survive if it fought the exploiting class on the economic front alone: the history of the New Deal proved the necessity of translating economic demands into legislation—as the unions were able to do in forcing the passage of the National Labor Relations Act, the wage-hour and social security laws, the Walsh-Healey bill. The people needed so much—adequate housing, relief for the unemployed, social legislation of all kinds. Political demands, however, were not to be won for the asking. Workers became aware, particularly after the experience of the 1940 election, that without their own political party, the labor movement was painfully handicapped.

Funk

What was vital yesterday becomes mandatory today. American imperialism calls for war; with the scramble for markets tearing Europe, Asia, and Africa, the mighty in America have resolved to use the conflict to achieve the domination of the world. The unions face their most stringent test. On them rests the task of keeping the country at peace. Before the American people can be dragooned into war, their organizations must be shattered—and that means smashing the unions. President Roosevelt, trading on his pseudo-liberal past in the hope that Wilsonian promises will once again trick the people into accepting a criminal war, orders the full force of government to be thrown against the workers—especially against the Communist Party.

To the aid of the war camp come the AFL bureaucrats, as they did in 1917. But the CIO has proved reluctant to endorse a war economy, or to be stampeded into military involvement. Nevertheless, the administration has not exhausted its resources. It seeks out the dissenters within the CIO, knighting the Social Democrats and elevating their leader, Sidney Hillman, to high office. It is Hillman's task to trick and if necessary to bludgeon labor into line. The AFL oldsters and the slick Social Democrats are the purveyors of class collaboration that once before emasculated the American labor movement. The lesson, however, has not been entirely forgotten.

The road ahead is the most difficult yet encountered by American unions. Confronted by traitors as well as by the class enemy to whom the turncoats have fled, the working class can anticipate only the horror of war and the degradation of fascism if it fails to hold on to what it has so far won, and even more, if it does not extend these gains. Yet labor's position is also far stronger than it was in 1917 when it had not organized the mass-production industries. Now a great section of workers and a great many of their leadership understand that imperialist war can offer them nothing but privation and death, that such a war also spells the end of whatever democracy they have been able to retain. In the great test of the American labor movement that lies ahead, the strength and militancy and alertness of the unions are a promise that even against great odds workers are in a position to defend their interests. Unfortunately the people, taken as a whole, still cherish deep illusions, still retain a trust, diminishing but nonetheless real, in the sly words of President Roosevelt. As yet, American workers view the Communists questioningly. But even though they have not so far fully comprehended the significance of their own struggles, every conflict has been directed, however unwittingly, against capitalism, essentially toward the victory of socialism. Only by liberating itself can labor win abundance, security, democracy, peace—the true American Dream. The labor movement has taken its first faltering steps toward that high goal. Faltering or no, American workers will discover that the future inevitably belongs to them.

BRUCE MINTON AND JOHN STUART.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Lincoln and Douglass

LINCOLN'S birthday is the fitting occasion for the publication of our anniversary issue dedicated to the American Dream. With the passing of generations, the figure of Abraham Lincoln emerges ever more distinctly as the symbol of the common man's aspiration toward a freer and fuller life. Revered by the masses for his self-sacrificing devotion to their interests, Lincoln affords an ironic contrast to those public officials who undermine the great ideals of humanity for which he fought.

What would the Great Emancipator have thought of Mr. Roosevelt's Jim-Crow army? What would the teacher of world fraternalism, who wrote to the First International praising the international bond of the working class, have thought of legislation like the Voorhis act designed to burst this bond? What would this representative of a young and growing political party have said of the attempt to outlaw legitimate minorities? Or of a war not for liberation but for empire? Or of the systematic gnawing away at the Bill of Rights under the pretext of "democracy"?

To these questions Lincoln's reply would have been as forthright as that of another great American whose birthday we commemorate this month, the courageous leader of the Negro people, Frederick Douglass. Born into slavery, this eloquent Abolitionist, ally of John Brown and Wendell Phillips, Whittier and Thoreau, symbolizes the undying desire of free men for a world in which social distinctions based on race, color, class exploitation, and previous condition of servitude will be finally obliterated. Organizer of a Negro regiment during the Civil War, he symbolizes a heroic readiness to brave the abuse and violence of the privileged classes which seek to perpetuate such distinctions. His career inspires us with the faith that the ultimate triumph is the people's.

To the liberating vision of Lincoln and Douglass we dedicate our thirtieth anniversary issue. To the full realization of this vision we rededicate the work of NEW MASSES in the days of decision before us.

Religion and the Schools

NEW YORK CITY is conducting a unique experiment in violation of the American separation of church and state. Last November the Board of Education voted to put into effect the Coudert-McLaughlin law, a state measure permitting local boards to release school children for an hour's religious instruction each week. The first experiment has taken place, with noteworthy results. Less than thirty percent of the school children attended the classes held at various religious centers. A thousand of those who did, however, returned with special buttons in their lapels, given them by church officials. This, the officials explained frankly, was to call the attention of children who hadn't attended the classes to their schoolmates who had. The latter were also given extra registration cards for the classes to distribute among their friends.

To encourage children to proselytize, to bring matters of private conscience into the classroom, is of course the logical outcome of the Coudert-McLaughlin measure. Parents and teachers protested the School Board's decision last November on the grounds that it would emphasize religious and racial differences, disrupt classroom routine, further bigotry, and subvert American traditions concerning secular and religious education. Now they see their fears realized. The Coudert-McLaughlin law should be repealed, if only for the protection of religious liberty: a free church, as history has shown, remains free only so long as it separates its functions from that of the state.

War Censors in Washington

A WAR censorship is being established in Washington. Dispatches from the capital report the fingerprinting, photographing, and questioning of 200 correspondents; and this is only one aspect—the more dramatic one—of what is going on. Of greater significance is the meeting between publishers' representatives and Secretary of the Navy Knox. Ostensibly the conference was simply to discuss Knox's request that newspapers use only news from regular naval press agencies in the matter of technical naval facts. But out of the discussions came a pledge by the publishers to "cooperate" in the broadest sense "to further national defense in every possible manner." The declaration was signed by representatives of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and several regional and state associations. What does their pledge mean? Obviously, that these men, who cry "freedom of the press" whenever their profits are occasionally curtailed by regulatory social laws, are inviting government censorship of news.

On the very day of their conference *Collier's* magazine appeared with an article by Walter Davenport predicting just such a censorship. It would begin, said Mr. Davenport, with the summoning of publishers to Washington. They would be offered a "guide" for censoring news. Under the direction of Lowell Mellett, now FDR's Director of Government Reports and administrative assistant, a complete dictatorship over news, radio broadcasts, and movies would be set up. The purpose, of course, would be to glorify the war and squelch any opposition. And, reports Mr. Davenport, the FBI has already been inspecting the American press "with particular attention being lavished upon editors and writers who do not always regard the status quo as holy."

By its very anxiety to set up a war censorship now the administration betrays the fact that its acts are sharply contrary to public interest. It also betrays a truth which Mr. Davenport notes in his article, that: "Washington is almost unanimous in that never in the memory of the oldest militarist has there been less enthusiasm for war. . . . The ballyhoo has a banshee *motif*."

A Great Step Forward

THE *SS Lovcen* was an unknown ship a fortnight ago. Today it is the name of a ship that carries as cargo the hopes of millions of Americans who refuse to desert their support of the Spanish republicans. The *SS Lovcen* is the craft that will be sent to save Spanish refugees from French concentration camps. The American Rescue Ship Mission merits the profoundest thanks from all honest men in this country for having overcome heartbreaking obstacles in procuring the vessel.

As Dr. Edward K. Barsky, chairman of the Mission, announced, the vessel will be reconditioned to transport as many as 450 Spanish refugees to Mexico on each trip. Its first mercy voyage is to begin February 27 when it will leave New York for Casablanca, French Morocco. A deposit of $25,000 has been placed in the hands of the shipowners, who are negotiating with the British government for necessary sailing warrants. The ship, incidentally, is under Panamanian registry. Dr. Barsky has placed the total cost of the first voyage at $130,000 which includes insurance, reconditioning, extra passengers, administration, and ship operation. An immediate $100,000 is needed to finance the first trip.

Dr. Barsky also noted that "The Mexican government is to have complete charge of the selection of all refugees who are to be brought over." He made public a letter, dated January 25, from Ernesto Hidalgo of the Mexican Foreign Affairs Office, which read, in part, that his government "looks with pleasure on every effort toward saving the political refugees in France and will cooperate in work to the degree that our resources permit." An agreement had already been made between the Vichy and Mexican governments whereby the former agreed to permit the refugees to leave the concentration camps.

Thus, the first great step in this magnificent humanitarian endeavor has been taken. The purblind assaults of Social Democrats and their allies among the Tories have been unsuccessful. Their Red-smearing campaign has fallen short. It could not, and will not, cope with the irresistible will of the people to aid fellow democrats who are in desperate need anywhere on this globe.

It is regrettable that Miss Helen Keller, who did fine work on behalf of the refugees, has resigned as honorary chairman of the

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Ship Mission. The policy of the commercial press in New York was to cloak her resignation with loathesome connotations. But she explained her action: "On account of my handicap," she wrote, "I am a slow worker. It was because my heart was pierced by the plight of the Spanish refugees that I tried to help them, but now I find that the extra effort for the mission is too heavy a burden. . . ." She added that she "shall rejoice at whatever is accomplished in the rescue and the rehabilitation of those heroic champions of Spanish freedom." And so will all honest and true Americans.

New Winant in Old Bottles

THE post of ambassador to Great Britain is one of the most important in the diplomatic service. During the days when the dominant orientation in London was "appeasement," Mr. Roosevelt cooperated loyally by sending a prominent Catholic layman, businessman, and Democratic campaign contributor abroad. Today, when the problem involves keeping the British (and the American) people behind the war, the President sends an ambassador across who will stand in the same relation to him as Sidney Hillman does at home. The former governor of New Hampshire, John G. Winant, headed the Social Security Board before he took up the directorship of the International Labor Office, the last institution of any vitality in the League of Nations. He is of the philanthropic tradition, married into a banking family after the World War, has a reputable university background, and independent means. Like FDR, he has made his life's work the task of keeping the old capitalist system going by trying to reconcile the irreconcilable interests of capital and labor. He is a Republican, but that does not emphasize the President's impartiality in choosing public servants. It simply highlights the fact that the distinctions between Republicans and Democrats tend to disappear in their common service of imperialism. Mr. Roosevelt has great confidence in such men. They have a specific function as our society staggers to its downfall. Now that Lord Halifax is here, the real business of our embassy at the Court of St. James will be transacted in Washington.

The Willkie Phenomenon

NOW that Wendell Willkie is back from his highly publicized sojourn in Britain, it is necessary to consider most seriously this Willkie phenomenon. Millions of Republican voters are scratching their heads in amazement. There is a real split developing in the Republican Party and only two weeks ago at the Young Republican Federation out in Iowa, 165 out of 270 delegates expressed the feeling that Willkie has betrayed his mandate from the Republican voters. The Chicago *Tribune* has virtually read him out of the party.

Early in the election campaign, it will be recalled, Earl Browder charged that Wendell Willkie was really a Democrat whom the House of Morgan had chosen to run on the Republican ticket in order to prevent the voters from expressing themselves in opposition to the President's war policies. Those charges were received with some skepticism in many circles. But in the light of Willkie's post-election activities, they will not down.

And then we saw an item in the newspapers last week that Lord Beaverbrook, after dining with Willkie, remarked that he had just lunched with "the next President of the United States." Well, well, well—just as we thought. It begins to look as though Willkie's sponsorship of Roosevelt's foreign policy cannot be explained simply as an example of "national unity." It begins to look as though Wendell Willkie is being built up as an *alternative mass figure* for the American ruling class. Can it be that this last election was peculiar in more ways than we believed? Can it be that tradition was broken not only with respect to the third term? Can it be that in one election campaign the bourgeoisie elected its next two Presidents?

War Aims in Africa

THERE are undoubtedly many Negro men and women in the United States who seriously believe that whether Ethiopia emerges from this war as a free and independent nation depends on a British victory. Undoubtedly also, most of those who support Britain excuse the failure to state its war aims on the grounds that, after all, Britain owns the world's largest empire—what desire could she have for enlarging it any further? For such people we recommend a rereading of Raymond Daniell's dispatch to the New York *Times* for February 5 alongside of a UP dispatch in the same column. It seems that Anthony Eden was questioned in the House of Commons about Ethiopia. He replied that his majesty's government had no territorial ambitions in Ethiopia and had decided to recognize Haile Selassie as emperor when the war was over.

But, says the *Times* correspondent, the "complete independence [of Ethiopia] did not work out so well in the past and the British colonies in Africa conceivably would not want to see it tried again after this war" . . . and says the UP dispatch, "inasmuch as the Emperor expects British help primarily, it is believed in London that a mandate would be set up, perhaps similar to the Iraq mandate. . ."

In other words, *Ethiopia is not going to regain her status as the only independent state of black men in the world,* her status before the Italian invasion. That would be a dangerous example for "the rest of the British colonies in Africa." The troops helping Haile Selassie will stay on to work out the mandate, much as, when the Turkish empire was carved up after the last war, British troops stayed on in the mandated areas of Palestine, Iraq, and elsewhere.

One would think that the British government would repent its own share in the massacre of Ethiopians five years ago, the "Hoare" part of the Hoare-Laval deal. One would expect from such pious chaps as Lord Halifax a genuine atonement for complicity in a crime that brought on this war against the British people. But no. Despite lofty pretensions, and while allegedly fighting for life as well as civilization, the British ruling class drives a hard bargain for its assistance to the Negus. It is no longer capable of even a magnanimous gesture.

Troubled Vichy Waters

THE continuing crisis in France is one of the many consequences of Mussolini's debacle. The stalemate in Albania, the paralysis of the Italian fleet, the rout in Libya have impelled the Nazis to look to France, both as an alternative ally and an instrument for recouping the positions which Mussolini has lost. France is a Mediterranean power of importance. Its colonial empire in Africa is larger than any other. If Hitler could get the complete cooperation of French armies in Tunisia and the French naval bases, he might, even at this late date, resume the Axis thrust for Suez via the Mediterranean. His only other course is a land campaign through Turkey, a rather hazardous business.

Germany's effort to get full French cooperation precipitates a real struggle within the French ruling class. The issue is "terms of cooperation." The forces in Paris, more or less centered around Pierre Laval, would like full hegemony under Hitler's wing. They would like the demarcation between Vichy and Paris abolished and a reduction in the tribute which France is now paying for the quartering of German troops. In return they would give the Nazis full control over the Toulon and Marseilles naval bases, plus strategic positions in North Africa and Syria.

On the other hand, the men of Vichy now have control of the navy, the naval bases, and the colonies. They also want more favorable terms of collaboration with Hitler, but at the expense of the Parisian crowd. The men of Vichy are under great pressure from Anglo-American diplomacy, for example, the American ambassador, Admiral Leahy. They do not want so intimate a collaboration with Hitler that, should the war turn against him this year, they might be left at the heels of the wrong horse.

This struggle between the two factions was heightened when Laval was kicked out of Vichy in mid-December. All last week, it looked as though Nazi pressure was forcing Laval's return. But now, Adm. Jean Darlan, one of the Vichy "strong men," becomes minister for foreign affairs and vice-premier. This forestalls Laval's return, and gives the Nazis a pledge of more cooperation than they have been getting. It is doubtful, however, that the issue has been finally settled. It is more probable that the Germans will be impelled to harsher measures with France as the approach of spring makes necessary a decisive Nazi move in the Mediterranean.

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This Criminal War

AN EDITORIAL

On the occasion of this anniversary issue we want to tell our readers, especially those who may be reading New Masses for the first time, what we think about the war and why. This war affects every American man, woman, and child in their intimate daily lives. It is here in our own homes, in the way we earn our living, in the future we look forward to for ourselves and our children.

Thirty years ago when the old *Masses* was founded, the fat of the first world war was already in the fire, though not everybody realized it. The *Masses* fought against that war both before and after it came. Men like John Reed told the American people in the pages of this magazine that it was a war not for democracy, but for profits and empire. They didn't always see everything clearly, for they lacked the knowledge and experience of a later day. But they did grasp the main issue and waged a magnificent fight. And the truth they blazoned came in time to be accepted by a majority of the people.

Today a second world war is upon us. Our country is in the midst of stormy debate over a bill, HR 1776, which would make us virtually a military participant in this war. The bill proposes drastic methods to achieve its purpose. The important thing, however, is not the means, but the end. Practically all the testimony so far has evaded this basic question. Most of those who have appeared against the bill have agreed with its supporters that the end—aid to Britain in order to secure its victory in the war—is a good thing for America. They have merely disagreed on the means proposed—the exceptional powers granted to the President. There are, however, those who do not agree that aid to Britain or to any of the European belligerents is a good thing for America. They speak for organizations that represent a large body of American opinion—organizations like the American Peace Mobilization, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the National Negro Congress, the Communist Party, the American Youth Congress. The voice of these groups has not been heard at the Senate and House hearings on HR 1776 because both Republicans and Democrats have agreed not to permit the expression of this point of view.

New Masses' opposition to the lend-lease bill springs from our opposition to both sides in the European war. We detest fascism and all its works. Because we hate fascism so deeply we are not content merely to combat the symptom, but want to eradicate the disease: modern capitalism or imperialism. But, this war, like its predecessor in 1914-18, is a product of capitalism, the monstrous child of imperialist lust for loot and imperialist hatred of democracy and socialism. Churchill himself virtually disclaimed the lofty anti-fascist principles ascribed to him by his American apologists when, in his recent speech to the Italian people, he offered a compact with Italian fascism against German fascism provided it eliminated one man, Mussolini. Is that what Americans are being asked to support with our labor, our money—perhaps our men?

But, some people say: granted that the British rulers are no angels, wouldn't we be better off if they won the war rather than that fiend Hitler? This is, of course, the same kind of argument that was made in the last war, and it has the same spurious plausibility. In the last war, too, there was a "good" and a "bad" imperialism. The providential overthrow of the czar by the Russian people just one month before America entered the conflict relieved our government of the embarrassment of fighting in alliance with a despotism; it put a somewhat better face on the propaganda about the "barbarous Hun." But the nature of any war is not determined by the variations among the capitalist governments, but by the character of the classes that rule the belligerent countries and the purposes for which they fight. Out of the Allied victory in 1914-18 came those forces that led to the triumph of fascism in Italy and Germany. Is there any reason to suppose that an Anglo-American victory in the present war will bear different fruit? And is there any reason to believe that the assault on civil liberties and the execution by the British and American governments of the policies desired by their own fascist-minded men of wealth will stave off fascism in those countries any better than similar policies in Italy and Germany staved off Mussolini and Hitler?

Our government's real objectives in this war were indicated on December 10 by Dr. Virgil Jordan, head of the National Industrial Conference Board, when he told the Investment Bankers Association that "America has embarked on a career of imperialism," and "At best, England will become a junior partner in a new Anglo-Saxon imperialism, in which the economic resources and the military and naval strength of the United States will be the center of gravity."

What the people are being offered is not two alternatives, but one. And they can escape from that vicious circle only by seeking the real alternative to the support of one brigand against the other. The Russian people found that alternative during the last war when they established socialism. This ended the war for that country in a new way—a way that meant defeat for both the German and Allied capitalists and a victory for the people. In Germany the people's action ended the war, they were cheated out of the fruits of their victory by the Socialist leaders who suppressed the movement for freedom and salvaged the capitalist order together with its fascist potential.

There are two Britains, two Germanys, two Americas. There are the Britain and Germany and America of the Montagu Normans and Churchills, the Krupps and Hitlers, the Morgans and Roosevelts—brothers-under-the-skin. And there are the Britain and Germany and America of the millions who labor in factory and office and on the farm. These, too, are brothers. Which Britain shall we aid? And why not oppose the fascists and would-be fascists of all countries?

The British people are already moving toward the alternative which holds the only hope for democracy: a people's government and a people's peace. Their great convention on January 11 lighted a flame that shines through all the world. In Germany and Italy it penetrates the underground depths where similar forces gather strength. And in our own country a like movement is in the making under the leadership of the American Peace Mobilization. We can help our brothers in other lands wipe out the blight of fascism by ending our own government's policy of strengthening imperialism. We can help them by building high the ramparts of our own freedom. Our foreign policy must be redirected along new paths: away from feeding imperialist war and toward collaboration for peace with the common folk of all countries and with the people's government of the Soviet Union. We must grasp the great historic truth that the American people have the power to save themselves and help save mankind. Out of the night of capitalist war, poverty, and oppression will rise democracy's new dawn: socialism.

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EVERY DAY IN THE DAILY WORKER! NEWS OF THE PEOPLE'S FIGHT TO GET OUT AND STAY OUT OF THE WAR

RATES

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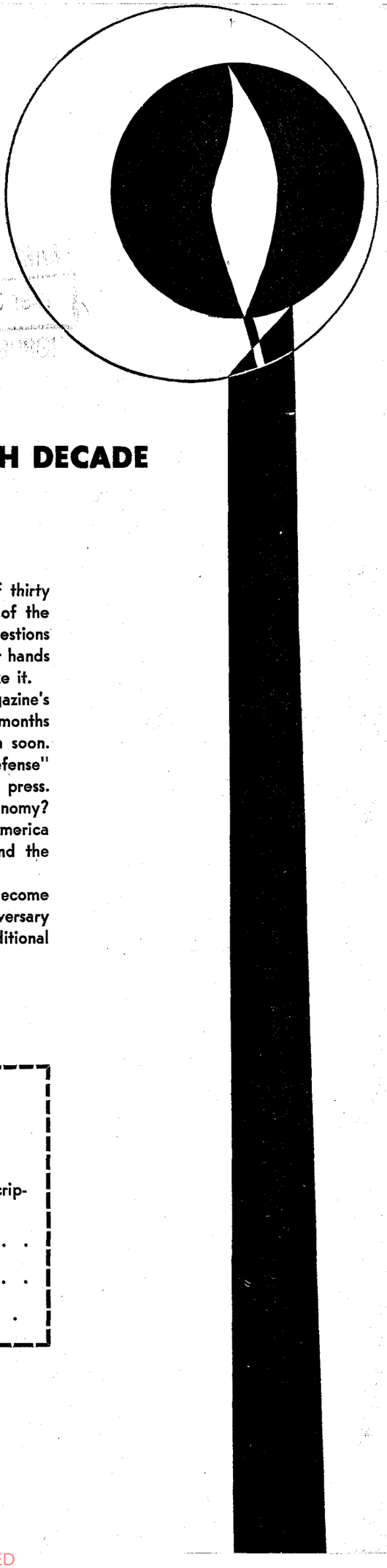

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